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"LET THIS CUP PASS."

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

"Let this cup pass,"—oh, piteous plea!
As ancient as humanity,
Yet born anew each day.
No other cry that from the world
Is at the throne of Heaven hurled,
Tells of such blood-marked way.

"Let this cup pass,"—none will elude
This prayer. In each life 'twill obtrude
Its depth of agony.
Tho' once or twice or thrice we pray,
God's answer is most always "Nay,
This cup was meant for thee."

"Let this cup pass,"—thou world-old prayer,
To thee are unborn millions heir.
Thy way is infinite.
Till Judgment Day white lips will cry,
"O, that this cup might pass me by
With all the misery in it!"

From Out the Storm.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DICK'S SWEETHEART," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next day Marvel found the paper, and deliberately searched it. She felt that no dishonor attached itself to her for thus endeavoring to fathom his secret; she meant only to know for certain this thing that stood between him and her. She would make no mistake; she would try fully to understand everything, that afterwards she might be assured that she had done him no wrong in act or thought by leaving him.

The paper was considerably crumpled on one page, as though a hand had involuntarily clutched it; and this she felt was where the mystery lay. She scanned the page hurriedly, and the large, startling print of the first heading especially attracted her notice.

"Sudden Death of the Duke of Dawtry."

She read and re-read it in silent wonderment, and then the paragraph beneath; but Mrs. Scarlett's name was not mentioned there, and she scarcely knew what to think when she came to the end of it. She knew this, however—that the reading of that article had caused him to look at her with eyes full of hatred; and in a sorrowful, silent way she began to ponder the best plan of removing herself for ever from his sight.

All through the week she sought for some excuse to offer him, but none came; and at last she decided upon telling him that she wished to return home. This was partly the truth, though to return to the old home—to her beloved Towers—was more, she thought, than she could endure; and, if the marriage could be set aside, as she hoped and believed with a passionate misery that it could be, he would be the last to wish her there.

At length, one day towards evening, she summoned all her courage to her aid, and went to where he was, and, standing some little distance from him with her folded hands tightly clasped, said tremulously:

"Fulke, may I go home?"

His face changed, and he regarded her with searching scrutiny.

"What!" he said, as one thoroughly astonished. "What is it you want?"

"To go home," she repeated, with a slight increase of nervousness this time.

He said nothing for a minute or two, spent principally in thinking over her words; and then, with a half smile:

"Tired of it so soon?"

"Yes, I am tired," she said, in a low voice.

Her head was bent, and she was twirling her wedding-ring round and round her finger in a little sad, aimless way.

The action struck Wriothesley as being terribly significant. She was tired of the yacht, tired of her marriage, and tired of life. No wonder either, poor child! She had made a sorry business of it from first to last.

He felt heavy at heart, because of his remorse. What right, had he, in a mad freak, to wed this unthinking child, and imagine she would be content to sail the silent seas with him, without a word of love from day to day? Yet how soon she had tired! He could not help thinking that she was in a degree fickle.

"Well, you know I warned you," he said. "I told you a yachting expedition the stupidest thing going for any one not devoted to sea-life; and for a young thing like you—— Well, I can put in at Marseilles, you know, and put up the yacht there, and take you back, and——"

"Oh, no, no! I don't want to be any trouble to you—I have been that enough already. Burton will be able to take care of me."

She looked at him eagerly now for the first time since her entrance, and said:

"Then I may go?"

"Of course you can do as you wish."

"And—and you will let me go alone with Burton?"

He laughed shortly.

"As I am such a bugbear to you, I certainly shall not add to your apparent unhappiness by thrusting myself upon you. Let Burton be your escort, by all means; she is, beyond doubt, old enough to know how to take care of herself—and you."

She seemed relieved at this, in spite of his sneering tone, and turned as if to leave him, then stopped, irresolute.

"Well, what is it?" he asked, not unkindly, though some sense of disappointment was irritating him. "There is something else you want to say?"

"There is."

She came back softly and drew her breath with some undue haste. Her eyes were not lowered now, however, but were fixed upon his with a gaze that was piercing in its anxiety.

"I wish I had not married you," she said.

The words came so quietly, and with such calm distinctness, that at first he could hardly believe his ears. Then his brow contracted.

"That is a terrible thing to say. Are you quite sure you mean it?"

"Quite—quite sure. Why should it be terrible?" she asked, drawing closer to him. "The—our marriage can be undone, can't it?"

It was impossible not to see with what overpowering anxiety she hung upon his answer. It seemed to be a matter of life and death to her—this question as to whether she would or would not live the rest of her life as his wife.

It was scarcely a flattering thought, and he resented it sorely. And could she indeed be so foolish, so ignorant as to have a doubt on the subject? He looked at the childish face upturned to his and saw that it was indeed so; but, as he looked, he misjudged the fear in the large eyes, and failed to understand the misery that saddened the young lips.

"I am afraid I must tell you something you will not like to hear," he said very gently. "Our marriage cannot be undone, my wife you must remain until kindly death releases you from me or me from you."

To her there seemed a world of regret for that freedom he would fain have, but could not grasp because of her. The sharp pain that stabbed her heart like a knife rose to her lips.

"Oh, no, that can't be true!" she cried, in an agonized tone. "Oh, Fulke—dear Fulke—let me go! Why, think of it—it was only such a very, very little time ago—only four weeks—four—and how shall I live all the long years before me? Oh, I will not believe it! See now"—extending her hands passionately—"send me home—anywhere away from you—and forget that wedding-day, and let all things be as they were four weeks ago!"

"My dear child, you dream of impossibilities. I would gladly, for your own sake, tell you otherwise if I could; but I cannot. The most secret marriage on earth is binding, and ours was done before all the world. The law will not permit us to separate—at least, not so entirely as you desire."

"How can there be such a wicked law? It is unjust! How am I to live," she cried, clasping her slender hands upon her bosom, "with this weight for ever on my heart?"

"You too are unjust," said Wriothesley coldly. "I did not compel you to this marriage."

"No; that is it," she said quickly, raising her lovely haggard eyes to his. "It was I who made you marry me; I entreated you, I begged you—oh, how could I have done it?—not to leave me behind alone, and now—now"—with such a depth of misery in the young voice as struck coldly to his heart—"I am doubly alone!"

Remorse grew strong within him. A sudden awakening to the fact that he had sacrificed her to his own revenge troubled him, and, though justice had followed hard upon the heels of that deed, and his revenge had recoiled upon himself, yet he could not fail to see that he had done her an injury that was irreparable. How could he have thought that a child so reared and encompassed with love as she had been would rest satisfied with the barren existence he had given her?

"I cannot hear you speak like that," he said. "I alone am in fault. I have done you so great a wrong that I know not how to ask your forgiveness. You were, you are, but a mere child, yet I took you at your word—I permitted you to marry a man nearly twelve years your senior! I feel I have spoiled your life."

"Is that how it seems to you?" asked she, with indescribable sadness in look and tone.

"That is how it must seem."

"And your life?"

"As for that," he said, and paused; then, hurriedly: "Feel no compunction about that. It is not in your power to spoil it."

"Are you sure—quite sure," she said, "that things could not be as they were before—that I could not be your friend again instead of your wife?"

"You are my friend still, I hope," said he rather sharply. "Or am I to understand that the love you once professed for me has turned to hatred?"

"Do not think that—it would not be the truth."

She spoke slowly and painfully. It was with great difficulty that she kept back her tears. How strange his manner was—almost, it might seem, as though he were pleading with her! But no, no: she would be foolish indeed, to let herself imagine that.

"So you say; yet you would gladly annul our marriage, and you are bent on leaving me?"

The tone was that of a question.

"I cannot bear to stay here," she said, nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers.

"Then you shall go!" he decided abruptly. "The only question that now remains between us is, Where? To the Towers?"

"Not there! Do no send me there, Fulke, I entreat you. Be good to me about this. I could not live there thinking, remembering——"

She broke down at the very thought of it and covered her face with her hands.

"Pray be composed," said he icily. "I am not sending you anywhere. You will be good enough to recollect, both now and in the future, that it is of your own express wish that you are leaving me."

"It is my own wish," she echoed faintly.

"If not to the Towers, to what other place? There is——"

"Could I not go somewhere where nobody would know me—where I could be quite alone?"

"Certainly not."

"But why? You need not"—eagerly—"be uneasy about me. I should not mind being quite by myself; I should"—with a quick sigh—"like it."

"But I shouldn't. However distasteful the fact may be to you, it still remains that you are my wife. I shall not permit you to live in any way unsuited to the name and rank you bear. Put all romantic silly thoughts out of your head. The world knows you as Lady Wriothesley, and as Lady Wriothesley you will have to comport yourself."

His voice was stern, his eyes flashed.

"I meant to do that wherever I was," replied she, with a simple dignity that disarmed him in spite of the anger that was growing in his heart towards her.

For such a wayward, incomprehensible girl he had ruined every hope of happiness he knew!

"You are too young to live alone. But, if you do not wish to go to the Towers, there is that place in Yorkshire. It is handsome and"—carelessly—"picturesque, they say; and, at all events, it is well kept up ready for you at any moment. Will it suit you?"

His manner was contemptuous, and she resented it.

"It will be better than this, I dare say," calmly and with some spirit.

"So would that uncomfortable cottage you hinted at just now, I have no doubt, or anything even worse—any discomfort is preferable to life with me. I have quite grasped the situation, I assure you, so you need not give me any more lessons upon it. Well, shall it be the Yorkshire place, or——"

"Make no more plans; Yorkshire will do very well. It is all the same to me where I go," she interrupted wearily.

She was longing to escape, to be by herself, that she might try to realize the fact that the end had indeed come. There had been perhaps underlying everything a wild hope that he would forbid her leaving him; but how delusive it had proved! Far from forbidding, he was making prompt arrangements for her departure.

"Very good. I shall telegraph to-day to Ringwood, the name of your future home, and also to my cousin, Mrs. Verulam. You know her?"

"I have met her twice."

"Then you like her—every one does. I shall write to her to go up there and stay with you and see to you generally."

"Oh, don't do that!" she entreated feverishly. "Indeed I shall not want her—I shall not want any one. All I desire is to be alone."

Poor child! Only a month ago how passionately she had fought against that loneliness which now she courted.

"I have told you that is impossible. Marvel, don't be silly!" he said impatiently. "You are too young—you have proved yourself too childish—to be left to your own devices. You do not know your own mind yet, even in your likes and dislikes."

He spoke with meaning, and she cast one long reproachful glance at him. It was all she could trust herself to do.

"If you do not like this plan of mine, suggest another," he continued. "Will you go

and stay with Mr. Balnbridge for a while?"

"No. He would ask me questions," said she miserably.

"Then, you see, we must fall back on Mrs. Verulam. She is young—a widow—with no ties, except a little girl of five or so; and she will, I know, be all that is kind to you; otherwise I should not suggest her. What objection have you to her as a friend, a chaperon, if indeed she will be good enough to give up her own arrangements for a while?"

"She is a stranger," said Marvel, in a tone that was almost a whisper. Her poor little face grew white with agonized distress.

"My dear child, if I were to consider that," said he gently, "why, all the world is a stranger to you!"

He paused; his own words fell back upon him, they were so fatally true. She was in the world, and yet not of it; she understood it not at all. She was a stranger in a strange land. The wretchedness of it all touched him closely, though he was still curiously angry with her for her abandonment of him. How solitary, how forlorn she was! All were strangers to her save him, her husband, and he could not doubt but that she would willingly part from him for ever.

"See here, Marvel," he said, putting out his own and taking her hand. "In this matter at least defer to my opinion. I believe I know what is best for you. Try Mrs. Verulam, and I think in a very little while you will learn to love her. In all other respects I have given you your own way. As you are not happy with me, I accede to your desire to try to seek happiness where I am not. I shall be abroad—for years perhaps—but from time to time I shall let you or Mrs. Verulam hear of me. If by chance I get bowled over, so much the better for you; if not, I dare say I shall get home some day. I shall so arrange with my agents that any money you may require over and above your allowance shall always be awaiting you. That will do, I think; but, if there is anything else, you can let me know; or, if you would rather not write, tell Cicely Verulam. And now, child, do not distress yourself any more about it. It was an unfortunate piece of folly from the beginning; but you must promise me to try to make the best of it."

He was speaking very seriously. When he stopped, Marvel looked up at him with her large eyes full of tears.

"I hope you will try," she said.

There was something in her expression which puzzled him then and dwelt in his memory long afterwards. She drew her fingers out of his grasp and went away quickly.

There was little more said between them as to this strange parting, and the arrangements connected with it were completed in a week or so. Marvel contrived to avoid him as much as possible—a matter in which he silently helped her, being in no wise desirous of seeing her; but when they did meet it was to all outward seeming with as friendly a feeling as usual.

At length the day arrived on which Marvel was to set out on her homeward journey; and, just before leaving the yacht, she went into the saloon, ostensibly to regain a a book she had left there, but in reality to bid a silent farewell to a spot in which she had been for a few weeks at least comparatively happy.

It was with an irrepressible start that she saw Wriothesley at the end of it. He came forward quickly; and by a supreme effort she recovered her self-possession.

She was dressed in her traveling-gown, with a little soft becoming hat upon her head, and, if rather paler than her wont, still showed no sign of the anguish she was suffering.

"The last moment has come, I suppose," said Wriothesley, trying, but failing, to speak in his natural tone. "While you are away from me you must try to get me back into the good graces out of which it seems I have so woefully fallen. You will promise that, won't you?"

She was silent. She did not know how to answer him; and, besides, she was afraid that if she spoke she would burst out crying. That was to be avoided at all hazards.

"What—not even that poor comfort to be accorded me?" said he. "I am in greater disgrace, it seems, even than I thought."

He was smiling; but there was no real amusement in the smile, and, in spite of himself, he was feeling singularly downhearted. Even by this child he was being abandoned; he had failed at all points; the world was out of joint with him, and the best of life was denied him. Love flew very near, circling round and round; yet, though he stretched out his hands to it and called aloud, it would not come nigh him.

"And you, Marvel," he said, "who would have thought a baby like you could be so hard? But perhaps it is because you are one; yet it is unlike you to bear malice—whatever it may be about, which is a mystery to me—for so long. And, after all, I should be the one to bear it."

"You?" she said suddenly, looking at him. "Oh, no!"

"Why not? You remember how you once asked me if husbands ever forsook their wives, and I told you 'No,' but that wives sometimes had been known to leave their husbands? You did not believe me then perhaps; but you will have to do so now. You see I spoke only the barren truth—it is you who are leaving me."

"That is better," she said slowly, "than if I waited for you to leave me."

"Was that so sure a thing?" He began to regard her curiously. What wild thoughts were running in her youthful head? He had not grasped the truth that sorrow was quickly changing the child into the woman; and he was only doubtful as to whether it was from pure fickleness or from a childish whim that she had decided to return to England.

"Come," he said, "tell me why you anticipated that."

"I cannot; I don't know," she said, with nervous hesitation.

At that moment of confusion it appeared to her as though she could not give a real reason for what she said.

"Then I may not know my crime?" said he, still in the half-jesting tone he had adopted all through.

"There is no crime; and I wish you would not talk of it," she said, in a burst of desperation.

"This is the end of it all; and why talk of it?"

"True," he said; "it is the end."

He had grown quite grave, which indeed suited his real feeling more.

"Besides, I do not think, after all, that there is any malice on your part, or any cause for it on mine, but only that you are tired of the dreary farce, you poor child!"

This entered her heart like a sharp thrust. Tired—that she was tired of him! An angry passion of regret, a terrible longing to tell him all, welled up within her; but she knew that she could not do it, and, rebelliously, enough, the longing died.

No, she could not open her heart to one who considered her a burden, and who had looked at her with hatred in his eyes.

"It is growing late," she said restlessly.

"In such mad haste to depart? Well, come then!"

Yet he hesitated for a moment; then—"Shall we say the real good-bye here," he said, "rather than at the railway station? It will be for a long time, remember; and—we have been friends."

But Marvel was still vehemently, if silently, angry; and with the anger was a numb pain that seemed to crush all the life out of her. She could not respond to his gentle suggestion as she must have done had her mind been in a happier state. She felt frozen—dead to all kindly impulse, and with only the living remembrance that there was "that other" somewhere—in some unknown place—where her husband fain would be.

"Good-bye," she answered, in a low strained tone.

Her eyes were on the ground; still without looking at him, she extended one small hand. He took it, and drew her a little closer to him.

"Will you not kiss me, Marvel?"

She hesitated perceptibly; and then, remembering all the near past, she felt that she could not do it.

"No," she said; "I do not want to kiss you ever again."

His face flushed, but he said nothing more. He pressed her hand very kindly and warmly, and then dropped it. Burton the maid came in fussily with a number of small parcels in her arms; and it was all over.

Presently they went ashore, and he saw her into the train. He had tried to procure a private apartment for her; but she had not seemed to care about it; and, indeed, as some little foreign royalties had taken most of the carriages, it would have been impossible.

The station was blocked by them and their noisy attendants; but he managed to get Marvel very comfortably settled in spite of it all. She had her books, her basket of fruit, some lovely flowers, and the redoubtable Burton, who owned to thirty-six and looked fifty.

There was an old lady on the opposite seat, and at the very farthest end of the carriage, comfortably nestled into the corner, a dark young man with a heavy moustache and eager, piercing black eyes that seemed to take in Marvel, Wriothesley, and the old lady all in one glance.

An instant later he had taken in Burton also, and an instant later still the situation—in so far as it meant a parting between the lovely young at the window and the tall tired-looking fellow on the platform.

Marvel did not notice the young man at all and Wriothesley but indifferently; but Burton, who prided herself on being always wide awake and never missing anything, decided immediately that he was English and a gentleman, and might be useful to them in little ways on their journey—not that Burton required assistance either for herself or her mistress, as she was an old soldier, and had "done the Continong"—as she was fond of reminding her fellow-servants—"many a time and oft, from Boolong to Monty Carlo."

"They haven't put in your rugs," said Wriothesley hurriedly, and rushed off to see about them.

Burton was at that moment struggling valiantly with a small bag that was being considerably sat upon by the other numerous valises and packages; and the dark young man, after following her efforts for some time with open interest, rose languidly and came to her assistance.

Burton, pleased with the perspicacity of a while since which had assured her that he was a gentleman, and which was now confirmed beyond a doubt, said, "Thank you, sir," very gracefully, and with as elaborate a curtsey as the catching of her knees by the opposite cushion would permit.

Marvel, hearing her voice, raised her head, and thus met full the penetrating gaze that the dark young man was bestowing upon her whilst hastening to the help of her maid.

Burton, having had the bag extricated for her, was anxious to pass it on to her mistress, whose handkerchiefs and perfumes it held; and the stranger, standing up, naturally did it for her.

"Thank you," said Marvel, in her turn; and the stranger as if satisfied, bowed low, and returned to his seat.

He was satisfied! That low, sweet, melancholy voice exactly suited the exquisitely sweet and melancholy beauty of the girl before him. That she was married to the rather stern-looking young man on the platform did not occur to him for a second.

Wriothesley came hurrying back with a porter carrying the rugs. The train was on the point of starting, and he glanced at Marvel to see if her passive features showed any sign of regret. She was calm and cold as ever.

He could hardly believe it was the merry loving child of a month before who sat there, apparently indifferent to the fact that she was bidding him a farewell that might be eternal. He was bitterly disappointed. Of course he had not understood this freak of hers; but, however brought about, she might, he thought, at the very last have shown some feeling.

"Well, good-bye," he said, pressing her hand. "You are sure you are quite comfortable? Enough rugs? Take care you make use of them; the night will be chilly. Good-bye—good-bye!"

The train moved off; she had said nothing. Almost at the last he turned round and looked for her again. She was leaning out of the car window, her eyes fixed on him. There was a terrible despair on her young face; and he could see that the tears were running down her cheeks.

CHAPTER XV.

MY good child, I wish, at all events, you would not study to be absurd! Sooner or later you will have to show yourself to people; why not sooner? You could not possibly have a more excellent opportunity than the present; yet you are bent on shirking it."

"That is scarcely it. I——"

"It is precisely it—in a nutshell. You haven't a solitary good excuse for your refusal to attend my dance! It is downright ungrateful of you, after all the trouble I have taken to make your story good during the past twelve months. Oh, the tarradiddles I have told, the gentle hints I have flung abroad! I have been chanting your praises ceaselessly, and giving all sorts of pretty little reasons for your separation from your husband, though I confess it went desperately hard with me to avoid downright personal abuse of that precious Fulke of yours. Cousin or no cousin, in my opinion he deserves nothing short of the bastinado! However, I did abstain; and, if only as a reward for so unexpected a mildness, you might promise me to be present on the tenth."

"Dearest Cicely, if you only would not ask me!" said Marvel, in a soft, distressed tone.

She came out from behind the lace curtains of the window, where she had been sitting, to glance imploringly at Mrs. Verulam; and, as she now stood, with the full glory of the autumn sunshine streaming down upon her, it was marvellous to note the change that a bare year had wrought in her.

Then she was a child; now she was a woman—a girlish creature still, but with a face so earnest, so intelligent, so beautiful, in the strictest sense of that word, that it was an exquisite pleasure even to look upon her.

Yet there were lines of sadness about the mobile mouth and a mournful look was in the large sweet eyes. She had thought out many things, and learned much that was sorrowful, because inevitable, since her parting with Wriothesley, although the world, as represented by society, was as yet a sealed book to her.

She had gone straight to Ringwood, according to her husband's desire, where she was received by Mrs. Verulam, who had indeed thrown over several engagements to do so. She was charmed with the pretty, desolate little bride—the "poor little returned goods," as she called her—and, as she learned to like her better and better, indignant with Wriothesley because of his treatment of her.

She had made a pretty accurate guess of how matters stood from the beginning; and a little judicious questioning had extracted enough from Marvel to make her half-knowledge a whole. She wrote Wriothesley a long letter that was a perfect masterpiece of elegant vituperation, and took to petting Marvel as though she were an invalid in a very advanced stage.

But she had her own duties to perform, and guests, previously invited, to entertain; so that most of the months spent in that cold northern home were solitary ones to Marvel, and sad as solitary. Now and again they were broken into by Mrs. Verulam's flying visits, who was always very good to her, and of whom the girl grew wonderfully fond; but, for all that, too much time was given her in which to brood ceaselessly over her wrongs and her undying regrets.

So thought Mrs. Verulam on her last visit, and at the beginning of the spring she had asserted her authority as being somewhat of a guardian to the young Countess, and carried her away *nolens volens* from the bleak castle of sighs down southward to her own smaller, but far cosier home.

And, after a while, Marvel had learned to be grateful for the change. Here little time was given her for morbid reflections, and later on, some of the cruel shrinking from contact with those around her wore away.

Still the world with her was always out of gear. Each morning she awoke with a sense of dull pain and a vague knowledge that her life was wanting in those fuller rounds of grief and joy that to others made existence tolerable.

Mrs. Verulam would fain have carried her off with her for a season in town, eager to exhibit her fresh uncommon beauty to an admiring crowd, but Marvel would not listen to such a proposition. She grew so pale, so distressed at the very thought of it that Mrs. Verulam, though always unwilling to give up a point, abstained from further pressing, and enjoyed her two months in town without her.

And Marvel missed her; and not only her, but the little daughter, the saucy, merry, thoughtful child who was Mrs. Verulam's sole happy gain from a most distasteful marriage.

Her husband, the Hon. Moore Verulam, was dead however, and the child Lula was left, so there was a good deal to be thankful for, as his wife would say sometimes in a soft plaintive way; and Verulam, whose prefix was the sole honorable thing about him, had left her, without intending it, a rich woman.

She was a pretty woman, too, of about seven-and-twenty, with merry gray eyes, a rather mutinous mouth, and a nose that had the faintest, sauciest inclination upwards. The child Lulu was the very image of her, and the idol of her rather impulsive heart.

She was now seriously ambitious to carry a point to which she had almost pledged herself. When in town, she had spoken so much of Lady Wriothesley's personal charms and so mysteriously of her separation from her husband that every one was eagerly desirous of being made more immediately acquainted with her.

Mrs. Verulam had asked down a good many for the twelfth—her brother-in-law, Lord Verulam, who was an enthusiastic sportsman, and his wife amongst them—and she had half promised them that this

Marvel of marvels should also be one of the guests.

All were to arrive about the ninth, and, as there was occasion to entertain a newly-made bride, Mrs. Verulam had arranged to give a ball on the tenth. This would give the sportsmen the whole of the eleventh on which to rest, and after that the Deluge, for the birds. But just now her programme was a little spoiled because of the fact that Marvel had steadily declined to show herself either at the dance or in the house during the stay of the party.

She would go back to Ringwood, she said gently, until Mrs. Verulam was alone again or wanted her; but Mrs. Verulam this time, in spite of pale looks and distressed tones, pressed her sorely.

"If you would only not ask me!" said Marvel.

"But I shall ask you—always and all day long, until I make your life a burden to you. Come now, Marvel, you are such a very good child that I think you ought to consider how wrong it is of you to fight against those in authority. And really, if you come to look into it, I stand as a mother to you."

Marvel laughed.

"A pretty mother you'd make me!" she said, with mock contempt. "Why, I could put you in my pocket!"

Mrs. Verulam was a little thing, fairy-like and mischievous, while Marvel was tall and slender.

"Is that a deferential speech? I shall have to send Lulu away. Go, darling, into the garden until Marvel ceases to be naughty. Now a word with you, Madam Wriothesley—you scoff at the thought of my treating you as a child, yet I firmly believe that that baby who has just gone out has twice your common sense."

"And all this," said Marvel, throwing out her hands expressively, "because ——"

"You won't let me give you your proper position in society. Dearest girl, be reasonable! You are not a nobody—you are a countess. Do you think it is your duty to hide yourself as though—as though—well, as though you were ashamed of something?"

She said this rather quickly, as if a trifle ashamed of herself for thus working the other's tenderest point, yet she meant well by Marvel always.

"That is it," said Marvel, in a low voice—"I am ashamed. What woman amongst them all is situated as I am—a wife, yet no wife—uncared for, unloved—a burden in her husband's sight? No; I cannot meet your friends."

"If you are unloved—and, oh, Marvel, looking at you, it is hard to realize that!—do not imagine you are the only one in the world in that predicament."

"But how to account for a separation five weeks after our marriage? Marriage! What a mockery it all was," she said, with a sudden indrawing of her breath.

"I have accounted for everything. You were not well—sea air disagreed with you. Wriothesley had to go on business to Jamaica—I hope to goodness he will go there before he comes back, or it will be rather awkward for me—negro rising—property there to be looked after—he has an acre or two, I believe—a corner somewhere—still detained in spite of his longing to return, etc. I've written it all to Wriothesley, so, if he doesn't act up to my manifesto, he's a worse man than I think him—which is saying considerable."

"I wish you wouldn't speak of him like that," said Marvel, flushing and then paling.

"Well, I won't. I'll speak of him as the possessor of all the cardinal virtues if you will only consent to be one of my guests on the tenth. Hide yourself up to that, if you will—there are always influenza and the useful headache, the gods be thanked!—but do say you will appear afterwards."

"You make it very hard for me," said Marvel, tears filling her eyes. "You know how I hate to disappoint you in any way—you, who have been so good to me!"

"Yes—haven't I?" said she, laughing. "And this is for your good too, you brainless person. Pull yourself together now, and say 'Yes' to me."

"I shouldn't know what to say to them"—nervously—"or they to me. It would be but a poor experiment and you would regret it afterwards. I have not been accustomed to fashionable people, and"—mournfully—"you know I am not happy."

"I know that you are naturally as merry as a cricket, and that you want only a little nursing to return to your normal state. As to your behavior, all you have to do is to talk to them as you talk to me, to look your loveliest, to condescend a little to those of lower estate—in the way of beauty—and the day is yours."

"A simple-sounding thing; but, oh, how difficult! I should fail, Cicely. And, then again, I have never been to a ball."

Was there a relenting in this speech, a sudden youthful longing for the harmless joys hitherto unknown to her?

Mrs. Verulam's heart leaped with a sudden access of hope.

"As to that," she said, "the rules are simpler still. You order a decent gown from Worth, you put on the Wriothesley diamonds, and there you are. Speak or be silent, dance or look on, as you will; I still promise you, with such a face as yours, you will astonish the natives. Is that enough flattery for one day?"

Then, changing her tone to one of earnest entreaty—"Darling Marvel, it is because I love you I thus adjure you. When Fulke comes home, do you think he will like to find you unknown, unthought of, of no account? Rather, I think, would he be pleased to know you esteemed and admired. And have you no pride; or, if so, where is it? Is it nothing to you that he should find her whom he has treated as an insignificant child a leader and acknowledged centre in the crowd?"

Her words seemed to burn into Marvel's heart. She was far too simple-minded, too pure for them to do her any harm. A longing to distinguish herself, to raise herself in his eyes, to show him that she was in reality more than the "insignificant child," took possession of her. Her color changed, her eyes took a deeper shade; she turned suddenly to Mrs. Verulam, and said, in soft but agitated tones:

"It shall be as you wish; you shall order me a gown, and I will appear at your dance, but not until then—I could not. Will that satisfy you?"

"Quite—entirely. Oh, Marvel, I am so glad!"

She threw her arms round Marvel's neck and kissed her. To do her justice, she was far more sincerely glad for Marvel's sake than for her own that she had at last consented to come out of her shell. Then a sudden thought struck her and frightened her.

"I hope you will like the people I have asked," she said; "but of course you need not talk to everybody. And I unfortunately gave *carte blanche* to my sister-in-law, Lady Verulam, to bring any one she chose; and she is bringing Mrs. Scarlett."

"Yes," said Marvel, and waited, unaware that Mrs. Verulam's steady gaze at her meant anything, and then—"Who is Mrs. Scarlett, and why shouldn't she bring her?"

"Well, because I don't happen to care for her," said Mrs. Verulam somewhat confusedly.

"But she has been invited in my name, and there is no getting out of it. I must say I think Lady Verulam is the most troublesome woman I know."

"Except me," said Marvel, smiling. "But this poor Mrs. Scarlett whom you so detest—what of her? Who is she?"

"The fashionable beauty even now, though a year has elapsed since she first dawned upon an appreciative London audience—and a wretch!" said Mrs. Verulam, quite carried away by such a paltry thing as honest feeling, as she looked at Marvel's gentle spiritual face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME NOTED DUELLISTS.

Duelling was generally practised during the continuance of the reformed Irish Parliament—from 1782 to 1800. As many as three hundred duels are said to have been fought by prominent personages during that period. Duelling clubs were established, to which no man could obtain admission who could not show that he had exchanged a shot or thrust with some antagonist.

An occurrence that happened in February, 1783, is a case in point. A Member of Parliament, wearing the uniform of the Roscommon Volunteers, was assailed in a public room by a person with whom he was engaged in litigation, and for that reason he did not notice his assailant. His forbearance was misinterpreted by a young subaltern in the army who was present.

Indignant at the supposed poltroonery of a gentleman wearing a military uniform, this impulsive youth snatched off the hat worn by the volunteer officer, tore the cockade from it, and trampled it under foot. As a matter of course, a challenge was the result, but the originator of the dispute soon learned that his antagonist bore the reputation of a daring and skilled duellist, and he lost no time in tendering an apology.

But such a settlement of the quarrel would only be accepted on condition that atonement should be made for the insult in the same place where it was given, and under like circumstances. Accordingly the over-bumptious party was compelled to humbly beseech the pardon of the gentleman he had insulted in public, replace by another the cockade he had torn from his hat, and declare his conviction that his antagonist was well worthy of wearing it.

At this time, too, there were in Dublin, men—who were supposed to be gentlemen—who seemed to have no other aim in life than to annoy and provoke their fellow-men into armed conflict. They were, in fact, reckless rowdies, whose exploits would nowadays earn for them, if not the reward of the halter, at least ensure them a long term of degrading imprisonment.

"Fighting" Fitzgerald was one of them. He made it a practice to stand in the middle of a narrow crossing in a dirty street, so that every passer-by should either step into the mud or jostle him in passing, in which case the offending party was promptly challenged to fight.

Another was Pat Power. He was a furious fire-eater, but an amusing character withal. He was rough of exterior, had small regard to his dress, and was possessed of a most mellifluous brogue. These peculiarities, while travelling in England, made him the object of some practical jokes, which, however, rather recoiled on those designing them.

For instance, on one occasion while in a tavern, a group of "bucks" of the period honored him with their regards. They sent the waiter to him with a gold watch belonging to one of them, with the request that he tell the time by it. Power calmly took possession of the watch; sent his servant to get his pistols, and, with one under each arm, approached his would-be tormentors, and politely requested to be introduced to the owner of the watch. The request was received in silence. He then put the watch in his pocket, declaring that he would keep it safe till called for, at the same time stating his name and where he was to be found, should the owner desire its return. It was not claimed.

On another occasion under similar circumstances, a waiter was sent to him with a plate of potatoes, which he ate with apparent relish. Then, ascertaining from the waiter to whom he was indebted for the repast, he caused his servant to bring in two covered dishes, one of which was placed before the gentleman in question, and the other on the table at which he sat. The covers were removed, and under each a loaded pistol was seen. Power, taking up his weapon, cocked it, and invited his volunteer entertainer to do likewise, assuring that gentleman that, if he killed him, he was perfectly ready to give satisfaction to the friend who sat beside him. Needless to say the practical joker declined the invitation.

Another ferocious duellist was Mr. Bryan Maguire. He had been in the army, and his favorite pastime was shoving peaceful people off the footways, and insulting passers-by from the windows of his dwelling-house, in the hope of inciting some of them to challenge him to fight. He was, however, rather farcical in his ferocity, seeing that he always kept his pistols within reach for use on every possible occasion. When he wanted to summon a servant, "to keep his hand in," he did so by firing at the bell-handle.

During all this time the laws against duelling were in effect a dead letter. Indeed, it would have been foolish to put them in force, for judges, jurors, and advocates were all duellists, who were not ashamed to own the impeachment.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.—Great interest has been aroused lately by the report that a periodical star called the Star of Bethlehem has been visible in the heavens, and the star is said to have a period of 315 years. This report rests on the most shadowy foundation. It is true that, some 300 years back, such a star was asserted to have appeared in Cassiopeia within the period named, but the observation has not been indorsed by any modern astronomer. But at this time the name "Star of Bethlehem" has been curiously assigned to Venus, which planet, during the past December, has been placed so favorably for observation that, in the early morning sky, it has formed a very beautiful object. The mistake has been widespread, and it is impossible to trace its origin.

MISS GERTIE JAFFE, of Oakland, who was to be married at noon last Saturday, laughingly tried on her bridal veil, despite the protests of superstitious friends. Ten minutes later her father came in with the news that her lover, Solomon Lowenburg, had attempted suicide and was dying from a bullet wound in his brain.

PLEASURE must first have the warrant that it is without sin.

Bric-a-Brac.

CARDS.—Every man when he takes up his cards at a game of whist holds one out of 635,013,559,600 possible hands. As for the total number of variations possible among all the players, it is so enormous as almost to exceed belief. Mr. Babbage calculated that if a million of men were to be engaged dealing cards at the rate of one deal each minute, day and night, for a hundred millions of years, they would not then have exhausted all the possible variations of the cards, but only one-hundred-thousandth part of them!

THE POUND.—The origin of the pound sterling was in this way. In the days of William the Conqueror, the management of the currency was in the hands of the Jews, who thoroughly understood the principles of money. They took a certain quantity of silver, of a weight known as the "Tower pound," which was something between a Roman pound and a pound Troy. This was the standard of measurement, the unit of value. Out of this pound of silver were cut twenty separate coins, called shillings. Out of a shilling were then cut twelve separate coins, called pennies. The weight of the silver penny was a penny-weight, the two hundred and fortieth part of a "Tower pound;" and this was the actual coin in circulation, for shillings were only nominally coined. These silver pennies weighed each one-twentieth part of an ounce, and in modern money would be worth about five cents each.

SHORT SERMONS FOR BOYS.—Most boys and girls do not like sermons—they say that they are too long for their highnesses. Perhaps they may like these short sermons. They will give food to think over, and must not be read too hastily. A Swedish boy fell out of the window and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The King, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Baurr. A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian. An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

OLD WRITERS.—Nicholas Franco, well known in Italian literature, employed himself in writing 218 satiric sonnets on one person. This lampooner had the honor of being hanged at Rome for his defamatory publications. Brebeuf, a Frenchman, wrote about 150 epigrams against a painted lady. Another wit, desirous of emulating him, and for a literary bravado, continued the same subject, and pointed at this unfortunate fair 300 more, without once repeating the thoughts of Brebeuf! There is a collection of poems called "The Flea of the Carnival of Poitiers." These poems were all written by a learned poet, Pasquier, upon a flea which he found one morning on the shoulder of a court lady. Not long ago a married couple in Flanders published poems under the singular title of "White and Red." His poems were called white, from the color of his hair, and those of his lady red, in allusion to the color of the rose.

STRANGE TITLES.—The Jewish and many oriental authors were fond of allegorical titles, which always indicate the most puerile age of taste. The titles were usually adapted to their obscure works. It might exercise an able enigmatist to explain their allusions; for we must understand by "The Heart of Aaron," that it is a commentary on several of the prophets. "The Bones of Joseph" is an introduction to the Talmud. "The Garden of Nuts" and "The Golden Apples" are theological questions, and "The Pomegranate with its Flowers," is a treatise of ceremonies, not any more practiced. Affected title-pages were not peculiar to the orientalists: the Greeks and the Romans have shown a finer taste. They had their Cornucopias or horns of abundance—Limones or meadows—Pinakidions or tablets—Pancarts or all sorts of fruit; titles not unhappily adapted for the miscellanists. The nine books of Herodotus, and the nine epistles of Æschines, were respectively honored by the name of a Muse; and three orations of the latter, by those of the Graces.

CUNNING leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery; lying only makes the difference; add that to cunning, and it is knavery.

THE HEART'S EDEN.

BY DAVID R. AITKEN.

Full many a day which darkly dawns
And shadows forth a world of cares,
With sudden light grows clear and bright,
And Noon a sun-gold crownlet wears.
Thus shall it be with eyes tear-wet,
The heart shall find its Eden yet.

Come shine or shade, come joy or woe,
To cheer or sadden fleeting hours,
A little while and life shall smile,
And all the earth be decked with flowers.

For all who on this weeping earth
Grow old beneath the toil and pain,
At night or noon, or late or soon,
Shall feel the heart grow young again.

The brightest hours are still to come,
The fairest days, the noblest years;
For shining skies and sunny eyes
Shall bid a long farewell to tears:
Through Love's bright gates wide open set,
The heart shall find its Eden yet.

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

IT was the stranger with whom he had crossed the ferry at Torpoint—the man who had ridden ahead of the coach through that long night-journey — the Black Rider who brought death to Langarth! Why was he here? What was his dread message now?

A horrible fear clutched Harold by the heart; but it was a fear so mingled with fierce wrath that it strung his nerves to steel.

Man or demon, he would circumvent this fiend now, or die in the attempt. He would reach Langarth before him, and baffle the murder that looked out from those livid blood-streaked eyes.

Harold gave one glance at the dark figure passing into the mist; for one second he listened to the ring of the horse's hoofs as they struck the road leading to Langarth, and he saw that his wild impulse to pursue the rider, to seize his bridle and hurl him from the saddle, was one impossible to fulfil. How could foot contend with horse?

So there was one way—only one—by which he could reach Langarth before the messenger of death—he must cross the chasm.

As an arrow shot from a bow he sped towards it, Estrild's name on his parted lips, Estrild's life hanging on his panting breath.

With far-stretched vision he could just discern the great rift looming darkly like a grave before him, when suddenly a sound fell upon his ear that drove the blood to his heart in one swift rush.

It was the sound of a horse galloping! The rider had turned and was pursuing his steps!

Assured of the ominous fact by the fierce rapid hoof-beats that struck his ear like a knell of death, Harold felt an access of wrath that made his veins run as with living fire, bracing his nerves to steel.

He rushed onwards; he reached the chasm and, as he cleared it at a bound, he could have fanned the breath from the horse's nostrils touched him like a hot wind.

On the other side of the great rift, panting, he paused and turned, and saw with horror indescribable the strange horseman was following madly.

For one instant he was visible, his hand lifted in the air, the next man and horse had gone crashing down into the darkness and death of the deep gorge.

That the rider had striven to leap the gulf was certain by the action of his uplifted hand; but the terror-stricken horse had failed in his spring, and both now were lying in the rocks below crushed out of life.

Harold stood appalled for just a second's space; then, rushing to the edge of the ravine, he seized a stunted bush and flung himself over, and so hanging on to projecting rock or tufted grass, or whatever his hand could seize with desperate clutch, he reached the bottom bruised and breathless.

The fog had lifted with strange swiftness beneath the glow of the moon just risen from the sea; and she drew the mist up as she rose as though a hand of light had seized, rent it to shreds, and then flung it away.

In the soft sheen, now clearing all things to the sight, Harold saw the horse stretched quivering in a death-throe.

Beside it lay its rider, his pale set face looking upwards to the stars, his eyes wide open, that dread expression on them that Harold had noted, the look of a man in battle who faces his foes with the rage to kill set like a seal of fire on his brow.

On his lips was a smile of derision; he had thought of victory, and died ere he knew defeat had befallen him.

With a feeling of repugnance that sent a chill through his veins, Harold placed his hand over the heart of the prostrate man, and fancied he felt it beat.

Then succour must be brought instantly! But how should he gain it? Remembering in a flash of thought that he had a dog-whistle with him, he drew it from his pocket and sounded it with a strong breath. An answering whistle resounded through the ravine.

Did it come from Langarth? No; a figure was coming towards him in a dazed way from the end of the gorge nearest the sea.

It came on as though it saw neither rock nor scaur; but it passed all these safely with swift steps, and yet with so strange a walk and mien that Harold's gaze was fixed on it in bewilderment.

A moment later he passed his hand across his eyes, as though to chase away a dream: then he called out, in a sharp voice of amazement—

"Cumberland! Good heavens, is it you? Come here! Tell me if you can who is this! Is he man or fiend?"

Cumberland's fixed gaze passed over Harold, as though he did not see him; and, flinging himself down on his knees beside the dead man, he raised slightly the cold white face, and, in a voice unlike his own, he whispered—

"Father, I have done your bidding!"

The words thrilled through Harold's veins; he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and cried angrily—

"Cumberland! Rouse yourself! Are you mad? Who is this man?"

Cumberland looked up, his hand pressed upon his forehead, and spoke as though the words were forced from him.

"It is my father—Mr. Irrian of Trame."

* * * * * *

Harold had no time to utter forth, even in broken words, the amazement, the horror, the pain, that rushed over him at Cumberland's strange avowal, for at that moment lights flashed upon them from above and many voices hailed them eagerly.

"Who is that below? Have you found her?" cried Carrie, in sharp accents of fear.

"It is I—Harold Oliver; I have found Mr. Irrian."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed another voice; and then, to Harold's intense surprise, Doctor Arnold appeared at the edge of the precipice, bending over it eagerly, striving hard to penetrate the darkness below.

"I traced him," he cried, "to within a few miles of this place; I lost him in the country lanes. Is he restored to sense? Is he well?"

"He will feel ill no more in this world," said Harold—"he is dead."

A moment's silence, and then Doctor Arnold and the crowd around him repeated the word "dead" in many accents; and there arose in an instant a hubbub of voices and countless cries and questions which Harold could not answer.

"Mr. Irrian tried to leap the gorge—his horse failed in the attempt; both fell—both are dead," he said simply.

Further explanation, he felt, would only plunge him into the inexplicable mystery which lay now before him shrouded in death and hidden from all human comprehension.

Looking up, he saw Doctor Arnold's face, grown very pale, bending over the brink of the ravine.

Close by him stood Prior, with a lantern in his hand. He lowered it as far as he could reach, crying, in a trembling voice—

"Who is that with you, sir?"

"It is Cumberland—that is, young Mr. Irrian," Harold said.

This reply moved Doctor Arnold greatly, and he cried out, in a changed voice:

"Hold him! Do not let him go, Oliver—I must come down to you at once! Prior, show me a way by which I can reach him."

"Down here, sir, to the right; the way is tolerably easy if you can hold on to the bushes and rocks."

Harold saw him turn away to follow Prior, then saw that Carrie and her lover held him by the arm; both said a few words to him in low eager tones.

"Yes, yes," he answered, "when I have spoken to young Irrian."

"Then Tom and I will continue the search alone!" Carrie cried angrily.

"Do not stop me!" returned Doctor Arnold. "It is of vital importance I should speak to this young man!"

He hurried onwards; and now Carrie came to the edge of the gorge, and, leaning over dangerously, while her lover held her to ensure her safety, she said, in a clear voice:

"Mr. Oliver, can you hear me?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Do you know we are out searching for Estrild? She is lost!"

"Lost!" exclaimed Harold; and in his pained surprise he relinquished his hold of Cumberland, whom he had held by the wrist from the moment Doctor Arnold had cried out in such sharp accents of warning that he was not to let him go.

The young man himself had stood quietly in the same dazed way, not uttering a word through all the cries and questions sounding around him.

But now, being released from Harold's grasp, he went onwards up the ravine, walking like a man in sleep, heedless of his path, and yet escaping the stumbling-blocks in his way.

So going, he was met by Doctor Arnold and Prior; and the former, grasping his arm, led him back passively to the spot where Mr. Irrian lay and Harold stood listening to Carrie's story.

"If she has been overtaken on the beach by the tide, we cannot find her," she was saying, with a sob, "until the sea has gone back; and even then——"

"Oliver, come with me," interposed Doctor Arnold. "I have questions to put to young Irrian."

Harold turned on him in an amazed way.

"Surely your questions can wait!" he said, in a rage of anguish. "Nothing can be done for the dead; I am going to search for the living."

He caught at a rock and swung himself upwards in fevered haste, to join in the search for Estrild; but Doctor Arnold's hand held him back.

"For Heaven's sake, Oliver, listen to me ere it be too late! The girl is in peril of death—help me to save her!"

Again Harold turned, gazing into Doctor Arnold's face in an agony of bewilderment; and the look that met him made him yield.

"Is it of Estrild you mean to question this man?"

"Yes, yes; hold him fast!"

With intense repugnance Harold once more seized Cumberland's wrist. All the old feelings of suspicion and of horror were again flooding his mind. He was Tristram's slayer, and perhaps the murderer of Estrild also. Mary Armstrong and the old promise to her were all swept away as he held Cumberland with a clutch of iron.

"Softly, softly, Oliver! Can't you see the young man is not in his normal state? He is unconscious—he is hypnotized."

"Hypnotized?" repeated Harold.

"Yes: he is like a somnambulist or a man mesmerized—call it what you will!"

"Then wake him, Arnold, if you have the power, and for dear life's sake let us hear the truth! Great Heaven, how we lose time! Where is Estrild?"

Harold put the question to the unhappy young man in his grasp and looked into his dazed eyes unpityingly.

"Softly, Oliver!" Doctor Arnold cried again. "To wake him would be fatal to our purpose; he would be oblivious then of all that has happened while in this state of trance."

"Is he mad, or are you mad, Doctor Arnold, that you hold me here to listen to your theories, when the dearest life on earth is perishing? Let me pass!"

Harold would have flung Cumberland from him and thrust Doctor Arnold aside, but for the quiet question:

"Where will you go, Oliver? Do you not know that every nook and glade of the park have been searched, and the village, and the roads around? My only hope lay in the approach of Mr. Irrian; he is dead, but I hold his son, and he shall speak."

And now he pressed his hand on Cumberland's forehead, saying gently, "You have been on a journey, lad?"

"Yes."

"You tried to escape that hand?"—and Doctor Arnold pointed to the cold hand lying in its deathly whiteness on the rock beside him.

"Yes; I fled to the sea, but it was too late. Before I left Trame his hand had passed over brain and heart; it was in my spirit now, and I went where it pointed."

With a heavy sigh Cumberland ceased to speak, and then suddenly flung himself on his knees by his father's side.

Again Harold would have seized him, but, with a gesture for silence, Doctor Arnold waved him back.

He was right, for Cumberland began to speak again, addressing Mr. Irrian as though he were in life.

"Have I failed, father, or has your hand lost its skill? Oh, it was heavy on me—it lay like ice on my heart! And will you keep your promise? Is this the last time that horrible touch shall chill my blood, and change me from my true self into a creature without will, without thought, without conscience? Ah, yes—I remember your words! It will pass—all pass—and no recollection of this will blacken my soul when I awake to my own life. But do you know there is a dark shadow stays with me—a shape indefinable and dreadful, that haunts me when I return to sense—a something that I loathe, though I strive to grasp and understand it? Father, as I live I will leave your home, your name, and your presence for ever when my own spirit returns to me!"

He half rose with a shudder as of fear or hate, but in rising touched his father's dead hand, and sank upon his knees again, talking now rapidly—

"Yes, yes, I confess it, I tried to escape. I would have gone to the coast of France, but the Captain declared I ordered him to sail to Langarth. I half awoke when I saw those dark cliffs again, and I commanded him to let no one come on board and no one go ashore. It did not avail—your hand was on me. I rowed ashore alone; and, when I would have gone back, seeking again to flee, you had taken my boat away. Then I hid in a cave; I plunged into deep darkness, saying, 'Surely here I shall find a refuge till this tyranny is past!' But it was stronger—stronger than ever; and, when she went by—the last of the race cursed by the dead hand—then I knew that she must die."

White with wrath and fear, Harold started forward, but Doctor Arnold caught him by the arm and held him back by main force, imploring silence by a whispered warning.

But the commotion had distracted Cumberland's attention; he looked up, still with that strange fixed expression, and seemed to listen as if for some expected sound.

"The whistle broke through the roar of the waves; I answered, but I had not obeyed," he said, dropping his voice to a whisper, as though fearing his dead father would hear his words. "No, I could not—she was so beautiful, so innocent. The light shone upon her as she passed my hiding-place; and I—yes, I died again. I rushed onwards through thick darkness till I came upon a ladder, and when I had mounted it, I drew it up to put a barrier between her and me, for I could not hurt her. Oh, father, you wring my heart—I could not! So she is safe within the cave, and you—oh, my father, I have killed you!"

With a cry as if his heart was breaking, Cumberland fell forward with his head on Mr. Irrian's breast, and, save for a choking sob, he lay there as still as though himself bereft of life.

Doctor Arnold released his hold of Harold's arm.

"This is a pitiful case indeed," he said—"the strangest, sorrowfulest case of hypnotism that has ever come across my experience. Night after night that man stole into his son's room and mesmerized him in his sleep; but who put him into the hypnotic state? Ah, there lies the mystery that can never be fathomed!"

All his interest lay with his strange patient; he had forgotten Estrild till he perceived that Harold, not listening to him was speaking with pale lips to Prior, and both their faces wore an expression of horror.

"What ails you?" he asked. "You have heard the girl is safe—safe within some cave—a place you know, doubtless."

"Safe!" repeated Prior. "If she be there, sir, she is dead by this time—drowned!"

Harold interrupted him with an imploring cry to follow him, for he was already at a distance, making his way with desperate speed over the rocks and boulders that lay in his path. Prior, with eyes full of despair, followed him quickly.

Doctor Arnold was left alone in the dark glen with the dead man and his son. Harold rushed onwards, sometimes falling over a rock, but, heedless of pain—not even feeling it—rising again to redouble his efforts.

The ravine itself ended only at the sea with an abrupt rent in the great cliff; and here it was that the stream—as Harold remembered—rushed over it in a wild waterfall. It was dry now.

Harold stood a moment in bitter despair; this proof of Prior's assertion, that during a great storm in the past winter the rivulet had sunk into the cave and found a new way to the sea, paralyzed him with fear. As Prior reached him, he seized him by the arm in agony.

"The ladder, Prior—where is the ladder? Oh, the time lost—the time lost with those men! Why did I not break away from them?"

"'Tis best as it is, sir," said Prior. "You know where to look now. And as I've been coming up the rift I've took heart, for you've beat the Black Rider, and I feel sure Miss Estrild is safe."

Down on the ground, groping here and there beside big rocks and beneath thorn and furze, both had been searching as they spoke. The moon had risen high and shed a soft light upon them, gleams of light came tremblingly from the sea—these helped them in their search of agony.

"It is here!" said Harold sharply. "Help me, Prior!"

His voice had lowered to a whisper—all his anguish, all his dread had clutched him by the throat. He had to face now the horror that he feared, and its ghastly reality.

The beating of his heart stayed the breath upon his lips as, with grip of iron he lowered the ladder through the fissure in the cave's roof down into its dim darkness. It touched water, and for an instant there was risk, through the flood's strength, of its floating away out of their hands; but by main force they held it down. Both men grew deadly pale as they fought thus with the death beneath.

"Steady, Prior! Press the ladder down with all your strength as I descend."

Prior strove to obey, but the ladder had no grip on the rock beneath, and the water rushing around and beneath, constantly swayed to and fro.

It was impossible to gain a footing on it.

"I shall leap down!" Harold said, stripping off his coat as he spoke.

"Stay, sir, for pity's sake! Here is help at hand!"

But Harold had no thought of staying. He got upon the swaying ladder, and in a moment had disappeared within the darkness of the cavern.

Prior, holding the ladder with both hands bent over the brink; but the appalling din that met him made him draw back, and his heart quivered and his hands shook.

"She cannot be there in life," he whispered; "and in finding her dead he too will lose his life."

He spoke with shaking lips, looking up at the little crowd around him, whose approach he had seen.

It was Tom and Carrie; Pleasance was with them, and three or four men, servants; and in a moment strong hands were on the ladder and Tom was over the edge and down in the darkness.

Carrie's eyes glistened through her tears.

"He is always brave—always ready. Do not fear!" she said, clinging to Pleasance. "I am sure all is well."

Pleasance was very pale. She had returned with the messenger whom Carrie had sent to her, and it was from her they learnt that Estrild had entered the cave with Daniel, but they fancied she must long since have left it, yet they were come in a sort of forlorn hope to search for her.

"Prior, are you sure she is there?" Pleasance said, with white lips.

A shout from below answered her. It was a cry for help.

One of the men descended the ladder, and as he disappeared all hearts went with him, and breath was held on parted lips.

Save for the dull roar of the pent-up waves, which, like the horrible journey of an earthquake, sent the roll of their power upwards through the trembling ground, not a sound broke the quivering silence of heart and lip.

Another moment or two of terrible suspense, and then, drenched and pale, Tom's

face and figure appeared above the brink. He did not speak, but, throwing himself prone on the rocks, he stretched his arm downwards and grasped a hand that needed help. One instant more, and Harold, bearing Estrild in his arms, rose from the depth and din, and stood safe beneath the free sky.

The figure he bore looked so pale, so lifeless, so forlorn that no one dared to speak; a dreadful thought choked utterance.

"Do not fear!" Harold said, smoothing the long wet hair back from Estrild's forehead. "She is only faint. I found her singing a little hymn learnt in her childhood; I might never have found her but for that. Her dear voice reached me as I fought through the water. Oh, she has had courage! It was only when I held her—when she felt my arms around her—that she fainted."

He held her closely, he bent his face to hers and kissed her.

A long tress of her hair swept tears away that, man as he was, trembled on his eyelids.

As his kiss fell on her white cheek the men's hearts swelled, and a cheer broke from their lips that rang down the ravine and startled the stillness of the two watchers by the dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hugh Dormant.

BY E. WHELPTON.

"GIVE my consent to your engagement with Arthur Daunt, child? Preposterous! Why, neither of you have been long out of the nursery."

"I am eighteen, and Arthur is twenty-two, grandpapa."

"Twenty-two!" contemptuously; "a boy! No man should marry until he is thirty. But run away, dear, I am busy."

The Colonel, as the villagers called him, sat at his table, engaged with unpaid official business. He dipped his pen quickly in the ink, and the fair pleader felt herself dismissed.

Soldier—Colonel Dormant's experiences were of the barrack, the camp cantonments, years of service in India, a military post in London.

It was a red-letter day for him when he was apprised by a London firm of solicitors that by the will of his godfather he had succeeded to Westfields. The intelligence came as quite a surprise to him; no promise had been given, no hint ever thrown out.

He had not seen Westfields for years, he felt that he had neglected the old squire. The Colonel was not long making up his mind.

No more routine, he would rest; balmy country air would be beneficial to the cherub he only seemed to live for.

In a short twelvemonths the rural quietude of Westfields began to pall. He had nothing to do. Hunting, shooting, occupied only a portion of the year, and those pursuits tired him.

Someone had perception, there came the suggestion. The Colonel hummed and ha'd, but it gave him pleasure. He had off-hand carelessness, it was an honor, certainly.

Yes, he would give some portion of his time to the administration of justice. He became interested, zest followed. What was worth doing, was worth doing well. Assiduous in attendance, he became as well versed in petty sessional as in military matters.

In the army he had been considered a martinet; on the bench, a stern man was the verdict passed upon him.

A fine old man, tall and commanding, straight as a dart, though he had reached the allotted span of life. His hair silver, his aspect martial, the heavy cropped moustache adding to the severity of his countenance.

The Colonel ceased writing. He became abstracted. He laid down his pen and marched to the window. He looked out, but it was doubtful whether he saw anything. He was thinking.

Again the demand. It had come upon him once before. He could not by any stretch of complaisance delude himself into an opinion that the marriage had been satisfactory.

The husband might have been better than he was. Flighty, impulsive, too fond of dubious relaxation, the young husband had needed the word in season and had taken remonstrance ill.

The Colonel had almost relief when the regiment was ordered for foreign service, though it placed the wide sea between him and his darling. He was never to see her again.

Oceana, true child of the foam, atom of life to be fostered by aliens, to live through buffetings, to accept without murmur, and as if quite natural, the passing from hand to hand, until, orphaned, she found herself under the roof of a taciturn, but doting grandparent.

How the child became part of his being, until he began to apprehend the wrench it would be to part with her, and to dread the appearance of the wooer who would seek to deprive him of his treasure. He had seen it coming.

His objections might be of the strongest, but he could not forbid until the request was made.

The pretence of being blind must assist him in pronouncing his fiat. Why should he be deprived? Had he not most right to her? Could she not be prevailed upon to consider him first, to stay with him while the sands of his life were run out? The years must be few.

Oh, these young ones! they are selfish, they think only for themselves, they take no count of the love and affection that has been showered upon them, the foresight for their benefit.

Her every want supplied, what more did she want? What guarantee could he have that this spark would behave himself, behave well to her, love her as faithfully and unselfishly as she was loved under the old roof.

And these Daunts, who were they? The sons had made good marriages, those that were married; doubtless calculation was their strong point.

The Daunts saw in Oceana a prize: her grandparent had no nearer relative, the disposal of the estate rested with him. This last conjectural objection would not leave him.

If he succeeded in getting away from it, his mind returned to it. His countenance became sterner, it became conviction. Arthur was mercenary, seeking Oceana for what she would bring him. Oh yes, Oceana was beautiful, her beauty a welcome adjunct; it would never be thrown in the husband's teeth that he had married a plain girl for her money.

The Colonel did not lose sight of the fact that once he had been suppliant, but there had not been money, or the prospect of it, to raise a doubt of his bona fides. His wife had gone out with him, a not over-flush subaltern, under the auspices of John Company.

The Colonel's soliloquy was almost audible.

"He shall not marry her. She can afford to wait a year or two. Time will prove him, and she will be in a better position to judge. She shall see a little more of the world. There's her father's kin, they have expressed a wish to see more of her. They are in the world. If she goes among them, she will see something of society, be presented."

It was what he did not like, sending her among them. He had an uneasy jealous feeling, what if over her they were to exercise some subtle influence, and her undivided affection be no longer his. Undivided? Matters could not be more irritating than they were.

The Colonel returned to his table, took up his pen, and, after a vicious prod in the inkwell, resumed his task.

A tap, and the library door again opened. Oceana again presenting herself, the scratch of the Colonel's pen became more vigorous.

"You are busy yet, grandpapa?" there was disappointment.

Then the pen stayed.

"What is it, Oceana?" The Colonel laid down his pen to wheel round his chair.

"The post has just brought me a note from Arthur."

"Well?" The tone was not unkind, but unencouraging. The Colonel foresaw that the unwelcome argument was to be resumed.

The young girl advanced, approaching the old man, she sank on her knees before him. There was appeal in her eyes—imploration.

"Grandpapa, Arthur will be here this afternoon. He will wish to speak to you. You will not be out of the way; you will receive him?"

"If you wish it, certainly."

"Grandpapa, he wishes to ask your consent to our engagement—our marriage."

"I can only say to him what I have said to you. Too young, too young. Marriage is a serious matter, not to be lightly undertaken. What safeguard is here? He may not have sown his wild oats——"

"He may never begin to sow them if he marries."

The Colonel almost frowned. He was not in the mood to be amused with an equivoque.

"I am glad you have advised me, I shall have time to ponder over my answer."

"But you will not refuse?"

"My dear, I must think for you. I must be guided by what I judge will be the best for your future welfare."

The girl arose from her knees, to stand at the mantel, to toy with a bronze Indian idol. She was wounded.

"Oey, is it that you are tired of living with an old man?"

"No, grandpapa," she answered him, quickly, with a tremulous lip and with an earnestness that was almost reproach.

"What is it then?" he asked her, needlessly.

"I like Arthur, very much," she faltered.

"*Like* him?"

"I love Arthur, grandpa," her voice firm, but her color rising.

"He has said that he loves you, I suppose, and it is sympathy. Here, he has had everything his own way, with never a rival. Possibly, if you were to go out in the world, it might make a difference, you might find yourself less certain. I think I have been to blame, leading a secluded life; it has been unfair to you. I ought to have thought of that."

"I have been happy, I have never desired change."

"You have the desire now? Ah, I thought I heard wheels. Well, I will give the matter my most serious consideration. Why yes, it is Hartshorn and a constable, a vagrant between them."

If the Colonel had any animus against any genus of man, it was the professional tramp.

A room that was bizarre in its adornment served as "justice-room."

To it the Colonel proceeded, leaving his granddaughter standing on the library hearth, melancholy and dispirited.

Evidence against—what evidence could there be for the culprit. The Colonel was busily engaged writing out the commitment, when his pen suddenly stopped, there was just a question of fair play.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?"

The vagrant's eyes glittered impudently. He was not an ill-looking fellow, his gray locks were moist and in curl. He looked a sea-dog demoralized.

"It'll not be much use me saying anything."

"Man, I am ready to listen to you," the Colonel returned severely.

The man's eye did not quail, he met the old soldier's without flinching. He saluted.

"It's a long time, Colonel, since we were at Cawnpore?"

"Cawnpore!" echoed the Colonel with a deep-drawn breath. "Cawnpore!" he repeated in a whisper, and with a sigh. His agony blanched his cheek, and caused his chin to tremble. "Were you at Cawnpore?" he asked the tramp, steadying his voice.

"I said 'we,'" the tramp reminded.

"What made you mention that word?"

"I recognized you, the minute I saw you, Colonel"—again a salute—"but you weren't Colonel then."

"What regiment?" the Colonel asked almost deferentially.

"The oughty-second."

"The brave oughty-second. Have you your discharge?"

The Colonel understood the look, he turned to the inspector:

"Hartshorn, you and your man will step outside, and close the door."

Hartshorn complied, feeling that a new complexion had been put on the case, and that most likely his quarry would escape him.

When the door closed the Colonel rose from his chair, tears were standing on his cheeks.

"If you've got such a thing as a penknife, Colonel. I didn't want the slops to see where I keep my papers. Once they get hold of one's valuables, it isn't a certainty that you get 'em back again. I have it sewed up here."

"I will take your word," said the Colonel, generously.

"That ain't good enough, your honor. You shall see for yourself that I'm not humbugging you. It's not the best, but it's regular, such as it is."

There was a snip of threads, and the precious, if dirty, document placed in the Colonel's trembling fingers. The Colonel was more than satisfied, he handed back the paper, his face twitching.

"You saw that well, you saw the bodies taken out?"

"The vermin at the cannon's mouth," returned the tramp, vengefully, his fists clenched and denunciative.

"My wife, my darling! Oh that I had sent her home to her child!"

The Colonel's hands were on the vagrant's shoulders. He wept over him, he wept for himself. All the cruel past was revived, the grief and the agony. All his life his sorrow had been with him; self-reproach, that he had shared with others incredulity that there was smouldering hate against the Feringhee.

It was craft, or he was weary of being sobbed over. The vagrant had a jerk of his head.

"Won't that fellow be impatient, Colonel?"

The Colonel moved to the table, took up the commitment and tore it into shreds, then he opened a door.

"Step inside. You will not mind being in the dark a few moments.

The Colonel closed the door to open the other.

"Hartshorn, I cannot send this man to bread and water. He has served under the colors. I have seen his discharge. He ought not to be in such straits."

Hartshorn was puzzled, then his eye rested upon the door. There was another way out, the Colonel had let the tramp go.

"He's an old hand, your worship. I've had him before—when I was stationed at Moortown."

"I have torn up his commitment. If you apprehend him again do not bring him to me. I would as readily sentence my own flesh and blood."

"It isn't for me to question your decision, your worship."

The Colonel held out his hand. "You're a good fellow, Hartshorn, but I've always thought it. It shall not be to your disadvantage or discredit if for once a man escapes his deserts."

The Colonel rang, Hartshorn and his colleague understanding.

"What have you done with your prisoner?" the butler asked, mystified, surprised to see both policemen.

"The Colonel's let him go."

"Let him go? Phew, wonders will never cease! But I haven't seen the man pass my pantry window. What can be the reason: he's dead upon a tramp?"

"An old soldier——"

The butler nodded sapiently. Hartshorn laughed. "An old hand," he said, "I've seen him before."

"You don't think the Colonel's done?"

"I don't always say what I think," said Hartshorn, grasping his glass with a capacious hand.

The police vehicle drove away, but not before the Colonel had opened the door where the vagrant stood concealed.

"If I can find you employment, will you stay?"

"I'm much obliged, your honor, but I'm making my way to Cardiff to a married daughter. I was stone broke, and almost famished."

"You shall be fed. Here is money. I would advise you to avoid Moortown; come this way." The Colonel led the way to the servants' hall, wrung the man's hand, and left him.

An hour later the beneficiaire was seated on a milestone, blowing a cloud. In the village, with the Colonel's gratuity, he had been enabled to provide himself with a relay of tobacco.

"What larks!" ejaculated he between whiffs. "If Sodjer Bill comes this way and spins his yarn they'll be rough on him. I thought when I sneaked the bit o' paper he was so choice of, it might come in useful. He said there was an old Colonel about here that had been in the mutiny, and at Cawnpore when he was (puff, puff). I wish I'd another jug of the old buffer's old ale here (puff, puff). Well, I'm dashed, if I remembered to give back to the old bloke his cheese-parer." The vagrant viewed the penknife approvingly. "It'll be a job if I can't get a tanner on it."

The Colonel returned to the library, but his granddaughter was not there. He went to an escritoire, and, opening a drawer, took out an old-fashioned case, the stamped velvet within of a seedy hue, the daguerreotype solarised, almost faded out. But, though the portrait was so shadowy, the face was visible to the Colonel, as clearly as on the day when it gave him pleasure to receive it.

"My poor murdered darling!" he murmured, with a sob.

He sat, the portrait in his hand, oblivious of the passing hours. He heard nothing, not the tap on the door, he did not hear Oceana open it, or see her when she entered the room.

"Grandpapa!" ejaculated she softly.

"Yes, child."

He closed the case gently, to hurriedly restore it to its drawer.

"Did you not hear the gong!"

"No. I—the fact is, I have been a little abstracted."

"Ambler tells me you have allowed the poor man to go. How good of you!"

"He was an old soldier, Oceana. He—was at Cawnpore——"

The Colonel's voice had a hush in it. He rose to his feet, he felt them a little unsteady, himself a little giddy. But he quickly recovered himself.

Oceana was observant, she was anxious.

"It has upset you, grandpapa, these cases trouble you. I would not attend so regularly. Let Hartshorn go elsewhere."

"Yes, I think so—he shall. I think I will rest more."

The Colonel rose from table, Mrs. Manx following suit, to pass through the door the Colonel held open. But Oceana still sat, in a reverie, to become conscious that her grandfather was lingering.

"Grandpapa, Arthur will be here shortly. Will he find you in the library?" She did not turn her head.

"Do not be anxious, child," her grandfather said sympathetically, "I shall not be hard. I could not be hard with anyone to-day."

Still he lingered.

"Oceana, I think after all it will be better not to send him to me, I do not feel equal to seeing him to-day. I will write to him. I know what he will urge; it will be a pang to me to give you up—but he will understand."

She heard the library door close, then she ran upstairs.

In a few minutes she was down again. Entering the drawing-room, she placed a chair in the bay, her eyes strained towards the highway.

The screen of trees did not completely block the view. But she was impatient. She raised the sash an inch, her ears would acquaint her sooner than her eyes.

Yes, she caught the click of horse's hoofs; it was not many moments, and the rider saw her, holding high his whip.

Arthur Daunt rode away, a little disappointed.

How odd the Colonel was! Could not see him, would write. He had counted upon staying to dinner, an hour after with Oceana. He must be thankful for small mercies, the dear girl appeared confident.

The gong sounded. The butler wondered, his master was so punctilious. Ambler entered the dining-room, Oceana and Mrs. Manx were standing at the fire.

"The Colonel, where is he, Ambler?"

"I think he is in the library, Miss Oceana. I will go—perhaps he did not hear the gong."

Ambler tapped at the library door, to enter the room. The Colonel was asleep, his arms extended on his writing-table, his face bent low.

Ambler spoke, but the Colonel paid no heed to him. Ambler waited a few moments, uncertain, then was bold enough to approach his master.

In the Colonel's hands was a photograph-case, open; at his side a folded document, on which Ambler read "Will."

Ambler touched the Colonel, there was no response. He raised his master and saw that he was dead, and that he had covered an open note on which was written:—

"Dear Arthur.—I give Oceana to you. Be good to her. Excepting a few legacies, I have bequeathed everything to her.—Yours faithfully, HUGH DORMANT."

THE number of tall ladies now in Washington society is noteworthy. A niece of Secretary Bayard, Miss Bayard, of Baltimore, is six feet tall; Speaker Carlisle's wife is five feet nine inches, and General Greely's wife, Mrs. Wilkinson, wife of Representative Wilkinson, of New Orleans, and Miss Gintner, of Kentucky, are about the same height.

THE FUTURE.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

For us, whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done,
Though our dark days go on.
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That heaven's new wine might show more clear,
So let the days go on.

I praise thee while my days go on;
I love thee while my days go on;
The day-spring cometh on.
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasures lost,
My days are going on.

COLLIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY'S CHORISTER,"

"HIS GOOD ANGEL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT, Sir Guy, do you remember my tea among a' your champagne cups and American drinks? I doubt she doesna know your fancies well enough to be away on that errand; but I'll send for her, and——"

"Not for the world! My dear Miss Collingwood, the great charm of it used to be that it was made by yourself. You must get me down the little old brown tea-pot and have the water boiling as only you can be trusted to do. And, if it doesn't trouble you too much, will you make me a slice of your incomparable toast? Then——"

"Let me do it, aunt," said Collie's sweet voice. She had entered noiselessly and stood beside them.

But the old lady was too much flattered by her guest's remembrance of past hospitality to heed her suggestion.

"No, no, my dear," she replied. "Sir Guy thinks nobody makes tea and toast like me. I ken that of old. Stay you, and entertain him till it is ready."

"I will give you the flowers my mother sent," the young man broke in. "If I may judge from your face, you will not wish to turn away from them."

As he spoke, he opened the basket he had laid down beside him, and lifted out a great mass of fragrant bloom.

"Look at this!" he added, holding up a bunch of deep crimson roses.

For a moment the girl's eyes flashed with a vivid delight; then a great horror leapt into them, and she sank into a chair, covering her face with her hands.

"What have I done?" the young man cried out, in alarm. "What has happened, Miss Collie? Are you—you ill? Are——"

She lifted a pale face.

"Not ill," she faltered, "only foolish. But"—and she gave a slight shudder—"but put away those roses, please, for at sight of them a ghost rise before me, and," she added in a whisper, "the horrible past blots out the happy present."

* * * * * *

"I have seen her, mother."

"Seen whom, Guy? Miss—Miss Collingwood?"

Lady Menteith looked up from the novel she was reading, perplexed at her son's grave tone. Something she saw in his face startled her, and she laid her hand gently on his.

He knelt down beside her, and buried his face in her lap, as he used to do when a child.

"I have seen the one woman in the world for me, mother. I have lived all this time without realizing that my heart was empty, and now it is all filled with a voice, a face! Mother, if I cannot win her, I must do without love."

"My boy," rejoined Lady Menteith gently, "this is terribly sudden! Are you sure——"

"The lightning is sudden, and it gives no warning before it strikes, mother; yet it strikes surely. And I think the love that has struck my heart is like that, only that it summons me to life, not death."

"Who is it, Guy?"

"Collie Marchmont, mother, Miss Collingwood's niece. Don't say anything about position," he added carelessly. "She——"

"I never thought of it, dear," she answered fondly. "That my boy loves her is enough to stamp a woman with rank in my eyes, be she peasant or princess. I must go to her, not to see if she is all that you picture for I know that the girl of your choice cannot fail to be the girl of mine, but to learn to know her and to teach Guy's wife to love his mother."

"I think you are an angel," the young man cried enthusiastically. "What other woman in the world would so have received such news—news that some one else is to be raised to the same height in my heart as you?"

"Nay, Guy," she said, shaking her head a little sadly as she thought of the boyish love that had hitherto only been lavished on her; "higher than I, dear, higher than I! Father and mother must be left for the wife. I have had my day, and Heaven forbid that I should grudge the happiness to you. Tell me of her now, Guy. Tell me how she looks and speaks. Tell me exactly, so that, when I see her, I may know my daughter."

Then the mother and son sat hand in hand while he told her of the vision he had seen in the hospital ward, and of the feeling that had come into his heart as he heard the pure sweet voice singing Enid's song.

It was not long before Lady Menteith found an opportunity of visiting Collie; and, high as her anticipations had been raised, she was not disappointed.

She was charmed beyond measure with the girl's beauty and innocent child-like grace, and Collie, on her side, fell in love at once with the high-bred woman who was so gracious and tender towards her.

Sir Guy did not accompany his mother on this first expedition; but few days passed when his feet did not turn towards the building that contained his idol.

The halcyon days of the hospital, when all his time and attention had been given to its organization, seemed to have returned, and he appeared smitten with a passion for the patients which, to some of the more far-seeing, was perfectly transparent.

In truth he did not attempt to hide the infatuation which brought him day after day, on some trivial errand, perhaps with one no better than a desire to taste again Miss Collingwood's toast and tea.

And only Collie shut her eyes to it. She saw—how could she help seeing?—that the young man's visits were to her.

She knew that each day she met him and did not plainly tell him he must go away, never to see her again, she was more guilty.

She deliberately tried to deceive herself. She asked by what right she should stop his visits to his own hospital and his own patients.

She told herself that he came to visit them alone, and she knew that she was only deceiving herself.

She was so cowardly, and so alone! She, not he, must be the one to go away, and where was she to find another true friend?

She had not absolutely deceived her aunt about her position, for the simple reason that Miss Collingwood, too much occupied to have time for idle curiosity, and herself naturally reticent, had asked few questions, and, though always kind towards her niece, had in no way invited her confidence.

Their relationship was by no means a near one, and, except when, being brought by accident into close contact with Collie's parents, Miss Collingwood had stood sponsor for their child, the old lady had known little of them.

After that their lives had drifted apart again, and but that her cousin Nora had sometimes sneered at her aunt's position and "the dependency which seemed to be inherited with the name," the girl would scarcely have recalled her existence, and certainly would not have known her whereabouts.

So she had not told her of her marriage. That period of her life had been so horrible and degrading that she longed to put it all behind her, and to lose it forever.

She had left no trace of her destination, and here, in this remote Scotch village, she had found a chance of beginning a new life and forgetting that old, stained, miserable one.

Yes, Collie was cowardly; but, whereas she had thought no harm could accrue to any one from the concealment of her past, she had hitherto perhaps not been so much to blame.

Now, seeing a man's happiness in danger of being wrecked, it was a crime, and she knew it was a crime, not to speak out or to leave him forever.

Nearly a month had passed since Guy had first seen the woman he loved, and each day had made her only more dear to him.

Nearly a month had passed, and the words she meant to speak, the words it was her duty to speak, remained unspoken. Often, as she tossed sleeplessly on her bed, she made the vow, and sealed it with her tears, that on the morrow, come what might, they should be said.

But daylight brought no courage, and the night would fall again with the words still unspoken.

"I have a note from Lady Menteith," Miss Collingwood said, entering the ward where her niece sat sewing, one raw February morning. "She says that, as she is not able to go out, and wishes to hear all about the patients, she wants you to spend the afternoon with her, and will send the carriage for you."

Collie looked up with a pale face; she had so prayed not to be led into temptation, and this, this was the answer.

"I cannot go, aunt," she stammered; "I am needed here. I——"

"Nonsense, child!" returned Miss Collingwood a little coldly. "You are useful to me, I know, but not so indispensable that you can't be spared for an afternoon. What do you think I did before you came, when I had often twice as many folk to attend to as now? Besides, you must recollect that it is only by Lady Menteith's and her son's kindness that you are here at all, and an invitation from them should be looked upon by you, as it is by me, in the light of a command!"

Collie made no further remonstrance. She felt Fate was driving her on, and the sooner it forced her into confession the better for all.

So, with a calm which was half simulated, half the result of such a feeling, she prepared for what she knew must be a turning point in her life, prepared for the moment when she was to ruin the happiness of the man who was, she had learned to think, without equal upon earth.

He stood on the steps of Guy's Towers looking out for her, and he seized both her hands as she alighted from the carriage.

"How good of you to come!" he murmured. "I feared, I don't know what I feared might occur to prevent you."

"Your mother wished it," she said quietly; and a chill passed over him at the words and the manner in which they were spoken.

Lady Menteith welcomed her very warmly; yet over the whole of the little party a strange constraint seemed to hang. It might have been something peculiar and unfamiliar in the girl's manner, or it might only have been the knowledge by two of the trio, the suspicion by the third, of the eventful words that were to be said which made the luncheon seem a long and dreary meal.

It was over at last, and they rose; but, instead of leaving the room with the other two, Lady Menteith, as if struck by a sudden thought, turned back.

"I must leave Guy to amuse you, my dear," she said gently. "I have remembered something I have to do, something that will occupy me till teatime. Au revoir, children; we will meet then. You had better show her that picture gallery, Guy."

Collie turned to her.

"Let me stay and help you," she pleaded. "I would rather be beside you—indeed I would."

Lady Menteith drew the girl to her, and kissed her on the brow.

"I don't want you, my dear; go with him Collie"—it was the first time she had called her by her name—"go with him, and fear nothing. For, remember, my child," she added in a whisper, and with the tears shining in her soft eyes, "by pleasing him you please me, and I love you, Collie—love you as a daughter, already."

With a sense of impending misery and desolation, only rendered inexpressibly interesting by its contrast with the love which surrounded her and which the girl would have given worlds to be able to accept, she followed Sir Guy from the room, and passed with him into the great picture-gallery, where, from the oak-panelled walls, the ancestors of the Mentieths looked down upon their descendant and his love.

The heavy door closed behind them, and he drew the velvet portiere; then he turned and took Collie's hand in his.

"My darling," he murmured passionately, "you guess what I have brought you here to say? I need not tell you?"

She could not answer him; she felt his pleading eyes fixed upon her, though hers were downcast; and for a moment a terrible temptation assailed her to throw herself into his arms and sob out her sorrow and her sin upon his breast. It would give her, at least, one moment of happiness; but then—and a shudder passed over her—at what a cost to both!

"You are cold!" he said, drawing her gently toward him. "Oh, Collie, you shiver, while the blood runs like fire through my veins, for I love you so!"

Still she was silent.

"Why don't you answer me, my darling!" he cried, a half-fear making his voice tremble. "Is it possible that I am mistaken—that you do not care for me as I care for you? Surely Heaven could not be so cruel as to give me such a golden vision of happiness only to snatch it away from me, and make me to life-long bitterness and regret. From the first moment I heard your voice, Collie, from the first glimpse I caught of your face, I knew you were the one woman in the world for me; I felt that I had found the soul of my soul. Oh, my darling; my darling, can nothing I say make you feel as I do—make you love me even so little?"

For Collie still stood mute. She was trying to find words in which to frame her terrible confession, trying to combat the flood of feelings that filled heart and brain.

"You don't think of difference of rank?" Sir Guy continued, a flood of color rushing over his face at the mere suggestion. "What you can give me is, Heaven knows, ten thousand times more precious than anything I can bestow on you. We are not equals, no—for I could never stand so high as you. And as for my mother, if you think of that, she will welcome you more warmly than if you were a princess. She loved you for my sake before she saw you; but she loves you now far more dearly for your own. Don't let such considerations spoil our happiness, darling. If I had been a beggar or an emperor, it would have been all the same to me. I must have adored you and ought to win you for my dear wife."

"Your wife?" She echoed the words in a terror-stricken voice, and drew her hand away from his loving clasp. "Your wife, Sir Guy? That can never be!"

"It shall be, Collie, I swear, unless—unless"—his voice shook—"unless there is some one else."

There was a long pause, and Sir Guy's ancestors seemed to look down curiously on the pair, as the long shadows of the winter afternoon fell upon them.

Collie looked up at him at last with a pale face and haggard eyes.

"There is some one else," she began. "There is——"

But Sir Guy waited for no more. He gave a great sob, and, seizing her hands convulsively, held them for a moment in a grasp the strength of which he did not guess.

"Then may Heaven bless you," he said, "and make you happy! And may I never see your face again!"

She felt a burning kiss on her fingers, and her lover was gone.

The girl stood almost stunned. Grief for herself was swallowed up in concern for him.

She felt as though she brought misfortune with her everywhere, and as if to those she loved nothing but trouble could ensue. Her first impulse was to leave the house at once and seek her own home; but other feelings prevailed.

She could not, she felt, have courage to meet Sir Guy again; but against that, she felt sure, even without his last words, he himself would guard.

But to the dear lady who had been so uniformly gentle and tender towards her she owed the explanation she had been too tardy in offering her son; she would at least expiate her cowardice by telling her whole sad story, then she would plead for forgiveness, and go forth again.

She wandered about the desolate picture-gallery till the gathering darkness told her that the hour Lady Menteith had named as that of rendezvous must be near; then, with trembling steps, she passed along the carpeted corridors and up the grand old staircase, and found herself, white as a ghost, shaking like a leaf, just within the drawing-room door.

Her hostess was sitting in her favorite easy-chair by the fire. She held a note in her hands, and her face was very troubled and perplexed.

"Collie?" she said inquiringly as the door opened. Then, without circumlocution, she went on—

"Collie, this note is from my boy, who has gone away from us. He says he dares not show his sorrow even to his mother, but must be alone with his grief. Dear, he tells me you have refused him."

Collie leaned heavily against the door, her face pale as death, her throat parched and dry.

"Come to me, my child," the elder lady resumed gently, "come beside me, and tell me how this has happened. He has misunderstood you, dear, has he not? I have watched you, Collie, and I am strangely wrong if you do not love him. Open your heart to me, and tell me about it. I am sure that my boy has made some terrible mistake in thinking that you do not care for him. Is it not so?"

The girl tottered across the room and fell upon her knees beside her friend.

"Oh, Heaven," she cried passionately, "how shall I bear it? A mistake in thinking that I do not care for him? Yes, Lady Menteith, yes! It is a horrible mistake, and one that can never, never be set right. For I love your son better than my life, my own soul; and I am married to another man!"

Then, with bitter weeping, the girl told the story of her ruined life; and Lady Menteith, though her heart was breaking for her dear son's hopeless love, pitied her, soothed her, and—and said not one word of blame.

CHAPTER X.

"HALLO, Guy, old man—is it really you?"

Guy Menteith turned round sharply at the words and a light blow on the shoulder that accompanied them.

For a moment he looked puzzled; then he broke into a smile, and held out his hand.

"Geoffrey Treherne!" he cried cordially. "It can be none other."

"It is none other, Guy, though I see you have more easily forgotten the friend of your boyhood, the companion of your college days, than I."

"Forgive me, old fellow," Sir Guy said; "I was thinking——"

"Of nothing at all? Like the jolly young waterman," his friend interrupted.

"Most unlike him! If he were no more jolly than I, he would have drowned himself under the keel of his own boat!"

Treherne eyed him keenly, then gave a long whistle.

"With you," he said, "the trouble can't be money, so it must be love. And, while you have been eyeing the fire-arms in this most fascinating window—for I have walked past you a dozen times before making up my mind that this knight of the rueful countenance really was Guy, you have not been contemplating the glorious, if far distant 'twelfth,' but have been thinking over the advisability of suicide!"

"Heaven forbid!" his friend answered quickly. "No woman is worth that, particularly when a man has a mother like mine, and more especially is a woman not worth any sacrifice when she plays fast and loose with a fellow and makes a fool of him, and then coolly tells him that she loves another better. But there, Treherne, I didn't mean to trouble you with my woes; only I suppose you keep your old knack of somehow making me tell you everything. Come now, old man, I am too glad we have met again to part soon from you. You must give up the rest of your day to me, and tell me all you have been doing since we said good-bye, half a lifetime ago, at Cambridge."

Sir Geoffrey Treherne linked his arm in that of his friend, as they strolled down Broad Street.

"Is it possible," he asked curiously, "that you have never heard anything about me?"

"Not a word," Sir Guy assured him. "And I feel ashamed to think how little I have inquired. Only, you see, you went abroad, and I spent most of my time in Scotland."

"And, when we both came back to London, we were hardly likely to meet much," his friend said a little bitterly. "You were always a young Crœsus, while I—well, I had better not say much about what my father left or did not leave me, for it is rather a sore subject. Anyhow, the sort of society you affect was hardly likely to be in my line, and——"

"Indeed you are mistaken," Sir Guy interrupted. "You don't know how quietly I have lived since I left college. The great

ones of the earth do not bid me to their banquets, and I scarcely fancy I should enjoy going if they did."

"But the princess who has ventured to refuse Sir Guy Menteith?" Treherne spoke in the mocking tone his friend so well remembered, and he blushed vividly.

"She is no princess, Treherne," he answered, impelled to speak out by the influence his friend had always had over him—"no princess, though she is worthy to be one in beauty and grace. She is—don't sneer, Geoffrey, you who are were always so conservative—she is only the niece of a plain old Scotchwoman, the matron of a hospital with which I have some slight connection, and a nurse there herself."

"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, even in her interesting position," laughed Treherne. "Did you let her see pain and anguish wring your brow, Guy, in order to try if you could not convert her into a ministering angel?"

"Don't chaff, old man! Upon my soul, if it were not for my dear old mother, I would go out to Egypt, and have a shot at the Arabs. But she would break her heart were I not within call, and——"

"And the cruel fair one may relent. Have you told her the extent of your rent-roll, Guy?"

"Flirt though she may be, though she is, Collie would not sell herself for money, Geoff."

Sir Guy did not see the start of surprise his old friend gave as he heard the—the name.

"Collie," he repeated carelessly—"Collie! A dog?"

"No, a woman, Geoff—the woman! I used to think she had earned the name because she was so true; but I suppose now I must accept the less romantic explanation of her being called after her aunt, Miss Collingwood."

"I used to know a Collie," Treherne said meditatively. "What is her other name, Guy?"

"Marchmont."

"And you say she is a nurse at your place? By-the-by, where—where is your place?"

"In the far North, old man; there's my card, with the full address on it. You must come and see us one of these days—that is, when I can make up my mind to go home. Yes, she's a nurse. She came from I don't know where about two months ago, and ——"

Treherne cut him short by taking out his watch. Then he stopped.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, holding out his hand; "but I must say good-bye to you for to-day. I have to leave town to-night, and there are two or three little things I must see about before starting."

"Just my luck!" said Guy ruefully. "But, Treherne, are you going because I have bored you beyond endurance with my egotistical talk? If it is that, I will faithfully promise not to say another word on the subject; I'll——"

"My dear old boy," Sir Geoffrey answered, with a peculiar smile, "it is a very long time since I have so much enjoyed a conversation! You cannot guess how glad I am I met you to-day! I must be off now; but we will meet again soon. Au revoir, my boy."

"How soon, I wonder?" he repeated to himself, as, a few hours later, he took his seat in the Limited Mail. "And what will Guy say when he finds that his sweetheart is my wife? Well, it is strange if I have not the whip-hand over her now—ay, and over him. For, he will come to see me once and again, and, if a very considerable portion of Sir Guy Menteith's money does not, through the medium of my fair wife, find its way into my pockets, Geoffrey Treherne is a greater fool than I think him!"

He drew his rug closely round him, and shut the window.

"What an awful pace we're going at," he said to himself, "and what a night of sleep I shall have! We are not due for more than nine hours."

* * * * * *

"Collie, are you awake?"

Miss Collingwood's voice sounded sharp and strained, and Miss Collingwood's face looked scared and pale, as she stood by the bedside of her niece, with a flaring candle in her hand.

"What is it?" Collie asked drowsily. "Is anything wrong?"

"Get up, child, get up, and go down upon your knees and pray to Heaven to give you courage, for you will need it this day."

"What has happened?" asked the girl, now thoroughly awake.

"There has been an awful railway accident, Collie, and they're bringing the poor folk in here. They tell me that London mail-train that goes screeching past here every night has gone over the embankment yonder, and Heaven only knows how many are dead and dying! We need all our hands and all our courage, my bairn. Don't waste a moment."

The old lady bustled from the room, and Collie, with fast-beating heart, dressed herself rapidly.

During the past two months she had more than once been brought face to face with death; but the great enemy had not seemed so terrible when it took but a poor tired sufferer, as now, when it grappled with and overcame men in the full vigor of life.

As she went downstairs, she saw a ghastly procession slowly approaching.

Men, walking with heavy tread, were bearing sad burdens, wounded, bruised humanity, almost beyond recognition as such.

For a moment she turned faint; then, with a whispered prayer, she hurried forward to help her aunt.

Miss Collingwood stood at the door, the house-surgeon beside her. They were both very pale, but calm and cool, as they waited there, ready to direct the disposition of the wounded.

"What can I do?" asked Collie quietly, touching the old Doctor on his sleeve.

He turned and looked at her, and, as he marked the composure of her face, his own assumed an expression of satisfaction.

"Get lint and bandages, my dear; then wait in your own ward till you are called. Are you brave enough to help me, if I need you?"

"I think so, Doctor," she answered.

"Come here, nurse!" he called softly, some time later, from where he stood by a bedside. "It must be amputation," he said very gravely; "here is the chloroform."

Collie took the bottle in her hand and bent over the sufferer.

Then she gave a little gasp, and almost fell back. The room seemed to be going round and round with her; she felt as if she must faint or cry out.

Then she saw the Doctor's eyes were fixed reprovingly on her, and she realized that now, in this case of life or death—now, if ever, she must be brave.

Again she breathed a few words of prayer. Her brain grew calmer, her face more composed.

Her hands ceased to tremble, and unshrinkingly, tenderly, courageously, she bent down once more over the pale face on the pillow—over the face of her husband.

* * * * * *

The accident to the mail-train had not been such a terrible one as was at first reported, though, in all truth, it had been bad enough.

Some poor souls had been sent into eternity almost without suffering, others had lingered a few hours and then found rest, while others again had been discharged from the hospital nearly well.

Only one patient remained, the feeble spark of life flickering sometimes almost brightly, and then well-nigh going out. Maimed, mutilated, and suffering, Sir Geoffrey Treherne still lingered.

Collie had scarcely left him. Night and day she tended him with a devotion that was beyond praise.

A feverish desire to make amends for the wrong she had done him in her heart possessed her, and it almost seemed to her that Heaven had given her this task to wipe away her sin.

More than a week had passed since her husband had been carried in.

It was an afternoon when the bright sunlight, streaming in, seemed to have brought spring itself. Collie sat by the bedside, and the light was falling full upon her.

A movement on the part of her patient made her look up quickly. His eyes were open, and a feeble hand lay outside the coverlet.

She rose and went close to him. She thought she saw a look of recognition on his face. She was not mistaken.

"Collie!" his faint voice faltered.

"Geoffrey," she answered, "do you know me?"

"I shall know you, Collie," he replied slowly and with great difficulty—"I shall know you across the gulf, my dear, when you are in heaven, and I—— Take my hand in yours, Collie, for the last time. I am dying—dear—I——"

She laid her fingers in his. Once more his eyes closed, and he lay quite still for a little while.

"You don't contradict me, Collie," he said again, smiling a little. "Don't you know there are some things a man wants you to differ with him about? Well, it is not of much consequence! We've all got the same journey to make, sooner or later, and I can be better spared than many men. But I want to say a lot of things to you before I go, my dear, and I have not much time, or much breath, or——"

He sank back, exhausted, again. She slipped her arm round him.

A strange expression of happy gratitude passed over his face.

"That's good, Collie," he said—"to feel the arms of my true love round me once again! For you may not believe it, but it is so, I always loved you, loved you with all the heart I had, though I pretended I did not. I had got so into the habit of deceiving, my dear, that I think I could scarcely speak the truth. And indeed I had to cheat myself too, or I couldn't have let those men, my friends, so much as look at you. But it's all over at last, Collie. I'm making amends now, though I may be taking a long while about it; and you'll be happy in the future, and forget your scapegrace husband. Guy's a good fellow, one of the few honest men in the world. He loves you with all his true heart, my dear, and you——"

He stopped and smiled a little cynically, then resumed.

"A bad husband, a devoted lover, an injured wife, and an interesting widow. With such materials it is not difficult to guess the plot and its denouement. It will end as all such romances should. Well, I say again, I don't grudge the coming happiness to any of you. Thank Heaven," he added almost savagely, "I shall not see it! Everlasting silence reigns where I am going, and——"

"Oh, Geoffrey," his wife said pitifully, "don't go thinking such thoughts! Oh, Geoffrey, pray for forgiveness!"

"I have not prayed since I was a little child, Collie," he responded, in a strangely-altered tone—"since my mother—— Pray for me, Collie! She used to—pray for me—and then—then—she kissed me, Collie. She said, 'Our Father'—say it, dear!"

As she whispered the words he asked for, his eyes closed again, and his head fell back wearily upon her arm.

"Good night," he murmured—"good night! Don't leave me in the dark. Stay with me—hold my hand so—I'm just asleep. I—— Kiss me, mother!"

She bent down and touched his brow with her lips.

"Asleep," he repeated—"asleep. What dreams——"

His lips parted with a sigh, and a terrible shudder passed quickly over him. He was dead!

* * * * * *

The Dowager Lady Menteith sits in her favorite seat in the drawing-room at Guy's Towers.

At her feet is Collie, a little stouter, a trifle more matronly, but in Lady Menteith's and her husband's eyes far more lovely than of yore.

"Mother," she says anxiously, rising and going to the window, "don't you think Guy is very late? Wherever can he have gone?"

"You are worse even than I used to be," the Dowager answers, smiling indulgently, "and have made me shine quite as a wise woman in comparison. If he goes out shooting, if he hunts, if he skates, I know that you are miserable till he returns. You don't say anything about it, but your eyes tell me."

"You are just as bad about the children," Collie retorts, laughing.

"A grandmother's prerogative," Lady Menteith replies. "Since you have so completely deprived me of all right of anxiety about my son, I have to transfer my feelings to the younger generation."

Collie crosses the room and kneels down beside the elder lady. She turns her earnest eyes upon her.

"Tell me, tell me again, dearest mother, that is true! Tell me that you never regret having given him to me, that you think his life is happier for having me."

The Dowager bends down and fondly kisses her white brow.

"My darling," she says, "with you at his side to comfort him, I shall not mind when the time comes that I must go. Night and morning I thank Heaven for that day when frost and thaw as well as Fate and I sent him into your presence. You are the one love of his life."

"And he is the one love of mine," Collie responds passionately. "Shall I ever forget my agony that day he told me he loved me, and I dared not own my love? How I longed to die—how——"

"Poor Collie—poor Guy! I would have given my life to help you both; but it is all over now, and—and here is our—our boy!"

But his wife has heard him first, and has run very eagerly to the door to meet him.

It opens, and Sir Guy enters, a lovely little girl clinging to his hand, a fine sturdy boy, the heir to Guy's Towers, on his shoulder.

"Did you think us very late?" he asks, putting down the youngster and kissing his wife. "Have you been wearying for us?"

"Don't I always weary for you, Guy?" Collie answers tenderly. "All the sunshine goes out of the room for me when you are not in it. Children, your father is far younger than you. You must tell me where you have taken him to."

A duet of little voices clamor something; and, as she turns laughingly to her husband for an explanation of their words, he puts his arm round her, and says—

"I have been showing the bairns the very spot where their mother sat knitting the day I saw her first, and they are all anxiety to hear the song which found its way into my heart. There is time before dinner, and now in the gloaming we can imagine that day come back again."

The heir clambers into his grandmamma's lap, and the other child takes possession of her father.

Collie leans her head on her husband's shoulder, and sings Enid's song again in the thrilling tender tones that won his heart that day and have kept it prisoner ever since.

[THE END.]

THEY were housekeeping in a summer cottage near New York, a young married couple and their several college friends. One afternoon on the piazza, before a game of tennis, the Wesleyan man discovered a joke in a city paper which he thought the young housekeepr would relish. He handed her the paper with the remark, "That's pretty good." The queen read the following: Scene—Butcher Shop.—Young Married Lady—"What have you to-day?" Butcher—"Not much to-day, Mum—a hind-quarter of veal and liver. Young Married lady (after a moment's deliberation)—"Well, I will take a hind-quarter of liver." Having read, although evidently a little puzzled, she immediately said, with that ever ready and ever-to-be-remembered smile, "Why, anyone would know better than that." And when the Wesleyan man asked, "How is that?" she responded, "A hind-quarter of liver would be too much."

PROPORTION thy charity to the strength of thy estate, lest God proportion thy estate to the weakness of thy charity; let the lips of the poor be the trumpet of thy gift, lest in seeking applause thou lose thy reward. Nothing is more pleasing to God than an open hand and a close mouth.

Scientific and Useful.

WORTH TRYING.—An engineer says: "When you get a cinder in an eye don't rub it, but rub the other eye as hard as you choose. It will generally remove the cinder."

NEW BRAKE.—An Englishman has invented a brake by which any person in a compartment can turn a lever and stop the train. At the same time a white disk will appear outside of the compartment to notify the conductor in which car the brake has been used.

COLOR SIGNALS.—A system of signals is on experimental trial in New York, in which different colored lights are flashed on the lamp post. It is mainly intended to enable policemen to communicate quickly with each other when in pursuit of midnight criminals.

CEMENT.—A useful cement for experimental purposes, it is said, can be made from equal parts of gutta-percha and white-pine pitch melted together. The compound should be without lumps. It improves by remelting, and softens at about the temperature of boiling water.

BULK-WINDOWS.—Bulk-windows that are cased up from the main store may be kept free from steam and frost by a small door, or a pane of glass that will swing open, near the top of the window, so as to let hot air near the top escape, and the cold air from our doors will go in and keep the glass clean.

TO CLEAN WASH-LEATHER GLOVES:—Remove the grease-spots by rubbing with magnesia or cream of tartar; prepare a lather of lukewarm water and white soap; wash the gloves in it, wring them, and squeeze them through a fresh lather. Rinse first in lukewarm water, then in cold, and stretch them (on wooden hands, if possible) to dry in the sun or before a fire.

OLD BRASS.—The following is given as an efficient mixture for cleaning old brass: One ounce of camphor gum, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of spirits of ammonia, four ounces of spirits of turpentine, one pound of star candles, one pound of tallow, and one pound of tripoli. To mix, first dissolve the camphor gum in the alcohol, then melt the other ingredients and pour them in.

WATER-BICYCLE.—A new form of boat, which may be described as a water-bicycle, has recently been tried with success in New York harbor. This curious vessel consists of two cigar-shaped tubes, each twelve feet in length and one foot in diameter, connected together by an iron framework. Between the two tubes is a light water-wheel, which is worked by pedals, the navigator being seated upon a bicycle saddle fixed above wheel. Although, on the day of the experiment, the wind was blowing hard and there was a choppy sea, the novel boat travelled three miles in forty-five minutes.

Farm and Garden.

RATS.—The cheapest mode of keeping rats out of a barn is to use half-inch wire netting, placing it from two to three feet deep in the ground all around the edges of a barn or stable, digging a trench for the purpose, and then refilling in the dirt.

HERBS.—Do not forget to plant herbs in the garden. Many persons neglect such adjuncts to a garden, but they are often of great service and occupy but little space. Some of them, once obtained, will last for several years and entail little or no labor.

KINDNESS.—Kindness guides and controls any and all animals. This is true when their life commences with such treatment. A bull or a heifer that has run with its dam and has had no attention from man until 6 or 12 months old, will fear every object that is new to it, be it man, boy, or anything else. Overcome the fear and it is ready to be taught.

IMPROVING STOCK.—Any community of farmers can, by co-operation in the purchase of a thoroughbred male, greatly improve their stock in a single season, and at but small expense to each, while the enhanced value of the stock would more than compensate for the effort. It really costs nothing to improve, as improvement is simply adding additional value to the stock.

CHANGE OF FOOD.—It is not safe to suddenly change the food of cows from the hay and grain to an exclusive green diet. If rye shall come in for pasturing allow the cows but a few minutes upon it the first day, gradually extending the time every day thereafter until they shall become accustomed to the green food. In this manner may be avoided bowel diseases and a falling off of milk.

EXCHANGE.—Farmers who keep sheep can accommodate each other by exchanging, so that each may have a half or quarter for use while it can be kept fresh. With ice and a refrigerator in the cellar, meat may be kept a week or more even in warm weather. These are old-fashioned methods, but they are part of the farmers' privileges, and happy are those so situated that they can still live up to them.

THE PROPER SIZE.—An oblong square, as long again as wide, is the most profitable shape for a garden, as the rows are equally long and less time is taken up in turning the horse. The size of the same should be in proportion to the number of the family, bearing in mind the fact that one-fourth of an acre well manured and cultivated, will produce more and better vegetables than a whole acre not so well attended to.

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Work and Play.

Like prisoners, men learn to hug their chains. They grieve at any sign of weakness in their bonds, and would forge new links to the end of time. But, just as it "destroys one's nerves to be amiable every day to the same human being," so it ruins health, temper and patience to hear, at all hours and in all seasons, the jingling and the clanking of the chain, or to forge the link always of the same metal, with the same hammer and in the same smithy.

Are not gold and silver metals more precious than iron and steel? Is there no hammer except the sledge-hammer—no smithy but that within four office walls?

Of course you will be told that gold and silver are not so plentiful or so serviceable as iron and steel; that the sledge-hammer is more powerful than the mallet, and that a useful anvil and bellows cannot run on wheels or be exposed, without risk, to the free winds of heaven.

All this is true; yet iron rusts, the sledge-hammer grows heavy, the anvil becomes hot, and the bellows leaky. Even locomotives stand in need of rest and repair.

Carlyle, the great English writer, preaches the gospel of work, and practiced it with an earnestness that leaves no doubt of the sincerity of his profession.

"Produce!" cries he; "produce! Whether it be the pitifullest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name. To the utmost that is in thee, out with it."

On the other hand we have the doctrine of play, as laid down by Matthew Arnold, who is of opinion that, for the present, the gospel of work has been preached long enough.

He does not mean that there is to be no more work. Only the boy who, when asked to pay a little attention to his studies, replied that he was paying as little attention as he could, would be capable of putting such a construction upon the poet's words. What he implies is that men may become so strongly inoculated with the fever of work that they overlook the end of work, which is rest.

"How can you be so idle?" asked one man of another. "What are you working for, except to secure the very idleness I now enjoy?" was the retort.

Many would question the soundness of this contention, and deny the right of this idler to exist. Yet with most men the end of work is that which Mahomet promised his soldiers after battle—rest; and the danger with many is that, like the miser who hoards his money and starves to death, they may mistake the means for the end.

Unless you are content to adopt Lord Byron's plan and work the mine of your youth "to the last vein of the ore," and then bid the world an early "good-night," you must often pause in your digging and delving, in order that your own strength may be renewed and the fecundity of the mine may be increased.

Muscle and metal are not slow to make you acquainted with their need of rest, and even the brain, with its greater staying power and its more uncertain sound, declares its want by restless irritability and unrest.

Rest comes to men in various forms. Some there are who obtain rest only by steeping their souls in idleness. They must be listless and inert, like invalids on board ship, while nature slowly builds up their wasted tissues and restores their wonted elasticity.

A compromise between indolence and activity is, however, the means that most men employ to make up for the ravages of work.

It is doubtful whether the men of old were any better in this respect than men now. Possibly they were.

Whatever the contrast, however, there are on all sides evidences of a conscience awakened to the necessity of rational play. To what other cause can be traced the growth of public libraries, the agitation for parks and open spaces, for the opening of museums, picture galleries, etc.

Some men boast that they are made of iron, that they would rust if idle, and that they would rather rot than rust. It is well to be made of iron; but it is better to be made of common sense. Common sense lasts longer. The man of iron who never plays for fear of rust often holds out well. His play may be concealed under the form of work, or he may live in spite of his work, and may live, too, until his face reminds you of the "tin clasps on an oak coffin."

In other cases, where both conduct and argument are wrong, there comes a sudden collapse of the iron frame. The hammer has been at work unceasingly within and without; it has at last found a flaw and dashes through it.

Rest is not merely the reward of labor; it is a stepping-stone to higher things.

EVERY young man has two lives before him. He may choose either. He may be a man with a man's powers and immunities, or a sham of a man—a whited sepulchre—conscious he carries with him his own dead bones and all uncleanliness. It is a matter entirely of choice. He knows what one life is and where it ends. He knows the essential qualities and certain destiny of the other. The man who says he cannot control himself not only lies, but places his maker in blame. The sense of security and self-respect is worth more than the illicit pleasures of a world for all time. The pure in heart see God in everything, and they are supremely blest. There is just one way of safety, and only one; and a young man who stands at the beginning of his career can choose whether he will walk in it, or in the way that leads evermore downward.

DAY after day our span is shortened and our powers are lessened; but those who desire to do good have always time wherein to effect it, and love and virtue do not perish. Example and the good we do in life are our truest immortality. For one life that we have redeemed by our own, one impetus that we have given to the ball of progress, we may well give years of personal sorrow; and no time is lost that shows a brave front to pain, that bears disappointment with equanimity, or that does one hair's breadth of actual good.

LET us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books; how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them they never grumble; if you are ignorant they cannot laugh at you.

PROSPERITY is consistent with intense worldliness, intense selfishness, intense hardness of heart, while the grander features of human character—self-sacrifice, disregard of pleasure, patriotism, love of knowledge, devotion to any great and good cause—these have no tendencies to bring men what is called fortune.

THE neglect of positive known duty, indulgence in any positive known sin, will be the death of faith. Truths, or propositions of an abstract or mathematical order, can suffer no obscuration and be subject to no unbelief, by reason of an evil heart or of an evil life; they touch no part of our nature but the intellect. But the truths of the gospel, while their foundation ever standeth sure, become obscured to a vision that is dimmed by the love of sin, often hateful even, to the heart in which sin reigns.

WHEN we are the objects of flattery, or witness it is being administered to others, we should examine and consider well the character and circumstances of the person offering it, in order to judge if the act be an offense against good morals, and, if so, how far it is so. If it appear to proceed from base motives, let it be treated with open contempt; if from the wish for a return, pass it as a weakness; if from good nature or excessive appreciation, excuse it for the sake of its amiable source.

ALWAYS be ready to do a kindness; always on the watch for opportunities of showing kindness; always be charitable towards the failings of others, yet without miscalling good and evil; always have a soothing word for the weary, and an encouraging word for the fainthearted; yet all this, not for the sake of winning gratitude, not for the sake of attracting praise, but out of a simple and sincere and Christian benevolence; out of a love which reflects and echoes love.

THE daily admiration given to whatever is expensive and rare, the worship paid to success as such, the deference shown to men who are even known to have risen to place and power by dishonorable means, afford continual nourishment to that keen desire for wealth which is the source of much meanness and knavery.

LET us advise you to avoid all boastings and exaggerations, backbitings, abuse and evil speaking; slang phrases and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept hospitality of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offence, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize.

THE work of conviction, of which the conscience is the subject, the Spirit the author, and the light of truth the means, consists in impressing the soul with a sense of its own sinfulness, and exciting in it some suitable feelings of fear, and shame, and self-condemnation.

WHILE the due preparation for and organization of labor deserve all the careful and wise adjustment that they receive, the intervals of life should never be suffered to be filled up by chance. They too should be provided for, and the necessity of employing them might be impressed on all.

THERE cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to his creatures.

THERE is scarcely a man who is not conscious of the benefits which his own mind has received from the performance of single acts of benevolence. How strange that so few of us try a course of the same medicine!

TO acknowledge our faults when we are blamed is modesty; to discover them to one's friends, in ingenuousness, is confidence; but to preach them to all the world, if one does not take care, is pride.

IT seems that nature, which has so wisely disposed our bodily organs with a view to our happiness, has also bestowed on us pride, to spare us the pain of being aware of our imperfections.

WE should hold fast to principles at all cost, and work directly in the line of our best ideals; thus will our consciences be clear, our characters pure and our lives will be fruitful in the best results.

WHATEVER things injure your eye you are anxious to remove; but things which affect your mind you defer.

The World's Happenings.

Tubbs is the name of a Michigan hoop maker.

The Book of Job is the oldest book in the Bible.

Only 2 missionaries were eaten in Africa last year.

Michigan is to have a home for discharged convicts.

A citizen of Georgia has a hen that only lays on Sundays.

Forty cigarettes a day killed a young man in Louisville.

At Newark, N. J., the horse railway companies issue school children's tickets, at 2 cents each.

An Ohio lad, who, in falling, drove his teeth through his tongue, bled to death from the wound.

A good many have been cut up and built over, but there are still 44 burying grounds in London.

To be able to wear all his decorations, Prince Bismarck would require a breast 20 feet in breadth.

The physicians of Detroit have adopted a system of making yearly contracts to look after the health of families.

Four sheep and 10 bushels of wheat settled an Iowa breach of promise suit where $25,000 damages were demanded.

One thousand pairs of $3 opera glasses offered for sale in New York city were found to have cost just 17 cents per pair.

A young man living in Winston, N. C., has brought suit for damages against a young lady for breach of promise of marriage.

In Augusta, Ga., a tree felled in early morning was before nightfall of the same day converted into paper, and sent out bearing the current news.

There is an Indian woman living near Mitchell, Dakota, who bears the remarkable name of "Woman-who-goes-out-of-the-house-five-times."

An Englishman named John Haight, who lives at Haight, Carroll county, Md., will be 88 years old the eighth day of the eighth month (August), 1888.

Let those who are getting tired of "truly rural" as a cure for stammering try, "She sells sea shells; shall she sell sea shells?" pronouncing it very rapidly.

The contemptible action of a Western man in stealing half a dollar from the eye of a corpse seems likely to have a bright side after all. Photographs of the thief are being sold for the benefit of the widow.

A citizen of Muncie, Ind., went to a religious meeting the other evening and read a newspaper most of the time. He was arrested, charged with "disturbing a religious meeting," tried and acquitted.

The Rev. Mr. Baccbus is conducting a big temperance revival in Laurel, Del., the Rev. Mr. Smoker is preaching against smoking, and Rev. Mr. Husband, of England, has come out against the clergy marrying.

In Italy newspapers record the weather in a peculiar manner. A local paper announces, when a cold day occurs in Parma, that "in consequence of the extreme cold the paper will not appear to-morrow."

A young man who wore corduroys to a fashionable church in Hampshire, Eng., has won a damage suit for ejection. The worshipers said that they were distracted from pious meditation by his unseemly presence.

The Adventists of Battle Creek, Mich., believe that the end of the world is near and have discarded all their jewelry. At a recent meeting $200 was turned into the church in cash and $200 in jewelry, to be devoted to missionary purposes.

The following explanation for a pupil's absence was received by a New York city schoolteacher: "Miss Blank—It is not nesster for my darter to come to scule, for she dont larn nuthin this in the six scule she has ben to she mite well stay to home."

Even throwing kisses is attended with more risks than is generally supposed. A Waterbury, Conn., doctor has discovered this to his sorrow. While thus engaged on the rear platform of a railroad train the brakeman shut the door, so badly mashing the doctor's fingers that he is now prosecutor in a suit for $1000 damages.

The following is the seating capacity of the 8 largest churches of Europe: St. Peter, Rome, 54,000 persons; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul, Rome, 23,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 22,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Florence Cathedral, 20,000; Pisa Cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark, Venice, 7,000.

An inventive genius at Pocahontas, Ind., grinds cornstalks and coarse prairie grass together and moistens them with water. When this compound has been reduced to a pulp he presses it into blocks 12 inches long and 4 inches thick. When these are thoroughly dried they burn readily, and it is claimed give more heat than a similar quantity of soft coal.

From classic Boston comes the story that in far away Georgia the editor of a paper has issued a card announcing that "on and after date the undersigned gives notice that he will prosecute any person selling him intoxicating liquor of any kind, to the full extent of the law. This is not for the purpose of injuring whisky dealers, but to get sober and stay so."

One of the prisoners in the Portsmouth, England, Convict Prison was having his cell searched, when it was found he had only one sheet in his bed. He was examined, and it was ascertained that he had converted one sheet into a perfectly fitting suit of clothes, a cap being made of the same material, and he was wearing this under his ordinary prison garb.

IN THE SHADOW.

BY WM. W. LOND.

Take thy face from out my dwelling,
Thy shadow from my door;
Take thy hand from off my heart,
Thy presence from my door.

Demon! devil! don't you hear me?
Go and gather other sheaves;
Would you make my life a desert,
Stripped of all its flowers and leaves?

See! I kneel and plead unto you!
Break, oh, break her icy rest!
Leave her here a little longer,
In the loving family nest.

Cold, ah! coldly falls the shadow—
He has vanished from my sight;
But he's taken all life's brightness,
In the fading evening light.

The Serpent-Flower.

BY JUDITH GAUTIER.

WHILE the steamboat, which was carrying me the short distance from Naples to Portici, cut noiselessly through the calm blue waters of the gulf my thoughts went back to the day when I had last looked upon the face of the girl I was now on my way to visit.

Five years were gone already, or rather five years only, for the time had been so well filled for me that it had seemed much longer; empty days, months of idleness, pass far more quickly than periods of work and labor, above all, of travel.

During these five years how many countries had I visited—Japan, China, Africa, and all India!

What curious customs I had seen, and what various types of female beauty and ugliness! Yet amid all these new and strange sights the image of Claudia Viotti had never faded from my memory, but had even grown more distinct, until now it dominated all my recollections and formed one of the strongest attractions of my absent country.

Secretly I had been deeply in love with her, without any kind of hope, and although I had been long since cured of my passion, it was not without some tremors that I was venturing to brave again the peril of her beauty.

Already I could distinguish the Villa Viotti. The park, on the waterside, ends in a long terrace, from whence descends a wide flight of steps bordered with stone vases containing bristling cactus of strange distorted shapes.

As I leaped from the boat on to the sand I caught the sounds of voices above the steps, and Claudia appeared at the edge of the terrace in the company of three persons, probably visitors.

I recognized in an instant her lovely profile outlined against a background of dark foliage.

I had left her a girl, I found her a young mother. When I set off on my travels Claudia was just about to be married to one of my best friends, Count Scala; but a few weeks before the day fixed for the wedding my unfortunate friend met with his death, while crossing from Naples to Genoa, whither he was going to make some business arrangements and fetch some family papers. It seemed that during a storm he had been swept overboard by a billow.

Claudia waited for him in vain, and on learning his death showed little grief. Six months later she married a young Neapolitan, Leone Viotti, who had been Scala's rival, and who, it was whispered, was much more to her taste.

As soon as she saw me, Claudia ran quickly down the steps with an exclamation of delighted surprise.

"What, doctor, is it really you?" she cried, in the full sweet tones I remembered so well. "Have you returned at last? We were beginning to think you must have turned Brahmin, or that some tiger in the jungle had devoured you!"

She held out her hand to me, and I pressed my lips to it.

"You are grown even more beautiful than before," I murmured, gazing with admiration at her lovely face with the warm cream complexion, and the dark waving hair in which gleamed a large crimson blossom.

"It is evident," I added, "that the sun of love shines brightly on your path."

"Yes, I am very happy," she said, raising her large dark eyes to mine. "I know Scala was your friend, but what could I do? I never really loved him, and besides, he treated me cruelly. I implored him to release me, but he would not. I have sometimes thought," she continued, while an almost sinful expression came across her face, "that the anger he aroused in my heart brought him misfortune. Had he not died I cannot think what would have happened. But why should we be talking in this way?" she added gaily. "Come and let me introduce you to my friends."

The visitors, two ladies and a young man, of whom I have retained but a very faint impression, had remained on the terrace.

We joined them and the introductions were effected, and followed by one of those awkward intervals of silence which are always so difficult for people unacquainted with each other to break.

"Look, there is my boy!" exclaimed Claudia suddenly, pointing with maternal pride to a beautiful child of three, who rushed up and threw himself on to his mother's skirt.

The little fellow looked at me, laughed merrily, and then ran off down one of the paths and disappeared behind a large clump of flowering plants, crying "Cuckoo!"

"Come, Pepino, you must come back," said his mother, leading the way towards the villa. We soon came in sight of the house in the midst of foliage of so dark a green as to be almost black.

The rays of the declining sun streamed across the front, bathing it in blood from roof to basement.

I cannot say why, but I experienced a painful presentiment, a vague fear as though some sorrow or danger threatened me.

Ah! would to God that even now I had turned and fled, never to return, stopping my ears lest any echo from that awful house should ever reach me.

But I crossed the threshold with a firm step, forgetful already of the passing presentiment which had so oppressed me.

We entered a large paved vestibule, and then a small room opening into a conservatory.

There were beautiful birds and rare plants in it, and fastened to a perch by a silver chain was a monkey airing himself in a ray of sunshine.

"You seldom stay at Portici?" I asked my hostess when I was comfortably installed in a cane chair. "I am fortunate in meeting you. I was told you hardly ever came here."

"Yes, Leone has a kind of aversion to Portici, and we are always by the sea. He consented to come now on account of Pepino, whose health is always better near the sea."

The visitors now took leave, and Claudia went out with them.

During the few moments I was alone I could not help thinking of poor Scala, whose death had occurred so opportunely and had been so little mourned by her who was to have been his life-companion. I remembered how devotedly he had loved her, and that she had been betrothed to him from her infancy.

Claudia had appeared to me to feel some affection for him, but she was only a child then, and when her woman's heart awoke it seemed it was given to another.

To have renounced the marriage would have been beyond my poor friend's strength, and no doubt he hoped, when once married to her, to regain her love. But who can tell?

His death was very strange. Could it have been a voluntary one? Could a sacrifice, the greater because it must remain for ever unrecognized, have put an end to the life of the desperate rejected lover? Were it so, no doubt Claudia had shed some tender tears over him whom her anger had barely yet forgiven.

She returned and seated herself beside me.

"And now," she said gaily, "tell me about India, giant trees, elephants as big as houses, fakirs with birds'-nests on their eye-brows, and green gods with thirty-six arms."

I related some of my most stirring adventures. I told her about my work and my travels, and then I questioned her about her life and her family.

She was by this time an orphan; her father had died soon after her marriage, and, with the exception of two or three cousins, she had no relatives remaining. She had only her husband and child left to love, and her love for them filled her heart to overflowing.

She chatted on to me with a smile upon her lovely face, seated on a low chair, her chin resting on her hand, in an attitude full of unstudied grace.

I gazed at her in silent admiration, thinking to myself that the man who possessed her love must indeed be happy.

Suddenly she uttered a cry of alarm. I saw her countenance change and her eyes grow large.

I turned hastily. A servant was running towards us with Pepino in her arms, in frightful convulsions.

"Oh, madame! what is the matter with him?" she cried. "See, his mouth is quite black."

I hurried to the poor child, whose contracted, twitching features were hardly recognizable.

He was writhing in convulsions, but he did not scream. The bright red color which besmeared his lips made me think that he must have eaten of some poisonous fruit.

I inserted two of my fingers into his throat to induce him to vomit, but without success.

"Good gracious!" I murmured, "what poison can it be?"

"Poison!" cried his mother in a harsh, dry voice, "there is nothing poisonous anywhere here. Children often have those dreadful convulsions. But you will cure him, doctor, won't you?"

I could make no reply.

The child was in a strange and most alarming condition. In vain I tried to put aside the idea which would force itself upon me. I fancied I recognized the effects of a poison known under other skies, but unheard of in Europe.

"It is impossible," I muttered. "Where could he have found that awful plant?"

I undressed the child, and endeavored to revive him by friction, but with small hope of any success.

Something dropped from the small cramped fingers. I picked it up.

It was the crushed pulp of some vermilion-colored fruit or flower. Notwithstanding its shapeless condition I knew at once, by its penetrating odor, that it was what I dreaded.

I could not restrain an exclamation of dismay.

"The Serpent-flower! Alas, poor child, there is no hope for him!"

Claudia uttered a cry which wrung my heart. At that moment I would gladly have given my life to be able to restore the boy to his mother. She had thrown herself upon him, and was covering him with passionate kisses, calling him by all sorts of fond names, and sending up fervent prayers on his behalf to Heaven.

The servant had retired in tears, screaming for her master, the father.

He soon came, with haggard eyes and quivering, livid lips.

"Leone, Leone," cried Claudia, through her tears, "he is dying!"

I was unnerved, cut to the heart by this terrible grief, and heartsick at my own powerlessness.

In vain the frantic mother strove to reanimate her darling; the pretty laugh was silenced for ever, the little life was ended before it scarcely had begun.

I silently retired, deeply moved at having been forced to be the helpless witness of such sorrow.

It was a still, calm day. With a quick mechanical step I wandered down one of the garden-paths.

Strange memories took possession of my mind with extraordinary distinctness. At first it seemed as though they had no connection with the drama I had just witnessed, and tried to disperse them as the morbid suggestions of fever.

I fancied myself back again in Calcutta. It was the close of a sultry day. I was seated under the verandah of my bungalow, feeling refreshed by the relative coolness of the evening.

The tall trees and bushes around me rustled gently in the warm perfume-laden breeze. The white light of the moon contended with the red flame of a lamp standing on a table before me.

I was finishing a letter, while lending an ear at the same time to the distant notes of of a guitar.

Not a single detail of the insignificant scene, long since forgotten, escaped me. I seemed to see again the big butterflies and other insects of every kind, which, attracted by my lamp, came buzzing even on to my paper; the clouds of smoke which I puffed from a long pipe to protect myself against the mosquitos; and the glass of iced lemonade which I drank from time to time through a straw. I wrote slowly. The letter came to an end at last, however; but, before closing it, I carefully dropped a few seeds into the envelope; then I sealed it and addressed it to the Count Antonio Scala.

In a flash the reason of these obstinately recurring recollections was revealed to me. The grains I had enclosed in the letter were some seeds from the Serpent-flower! I had forgotten the letter and its contents, but now memory returned to me with cruel clearness.

I had begged Scala to sow the seeds in a corner of his garden and tell me if the plants could be acclimatized in Italy. I was at the time studying the properties of this plant, which I thought might prove of value in medicine.

My friend had met his death shortly after the receipt of this letter, and it had remained for ever unanswered. Had he given the seeds to his *fiancee* or sown them in his park, these seeds of whose dangerous properties I had warned him?

Why had he not taken the precaution to place such a deadly poison in security? All was dark, but I felt that I was on the right track, in no other way could the Serpent-flower have found its way into the garden at Portici.

But then I had supplied the weapon which had slain this lovely child! If the poor mother were aware of that would she not look upon me as a monster, the murderer of her child?

Ought I not at once to leave a house where I had caused sorrow, and desolation?

Nevertheless I continued my walk with ever-growing agitation, losing myself in the thicket and under the dense trees of the park. The approach of night affected me painfully, the rustling of the leaves unnerved me.

When the moon rose large and purple, behind the branches I fancied I saw a spectre bathed in blood.

In vain I strove against delirious fancies. Something seemed to prevent my leaving, and told me the drama was not yet ended. I hastened, however, to move away from the trees whose dark shadows oppressed me.

Some subdued voices, and a sound which I could not explain, attracted my attention.

I perceived in the dim light a group of moving men, and, not wishing to be any longer alone, I directed my steps to them.

They were the gardeners and the servants of the villa who, on hearing of the death of little Pepino, whom they all loved, had simultaneously resolved to revenge it on the unconscious plant which had caused the catastrophe, and which they endowed with a kind of soul.

Armed with spades and axes they were stooping over the roots of the great brush, which had sprung up, as though by chance, at the side of the steps leading down to the water.

With all the excitability common to the Neapolitans, they were heaping abuse and curses upon the shrub. And I must admit that I did not think them very wrong in thus condemning to destruction this most diabolical plant.

The moon, rising above the trees, shone full upon it. Straight in front of me was the Serpent-flower, the strange, fantastic plant well known to the people living on the banks of the Ganges.

In those countries of wild and luxuriant vegetation these singular productions are by no means rare. The Serpent-flower is one of the strangest, and it is difficult, without having seen it, to form any idea of what it is like.

It resembles a sheaf of small serpents standing erect on their tails and bending their heads towards a small red fruit something like a small ananas, or rather a big strawberry, but more velvety and with more resemblance to a flower.

It is the flowers which resemble serpents; they swell out at the top in the shape of heads, and these heads are marked with two eyes and a sharp thorn which projects like a fang. The resemblance to a serpent is most startling.

The eyes all staring at you, and the fangs which appear to be defending the red buds, standing upright on their stems and looking as though filled with blood, wear a most terrifying aspect.

The roots were deeply embedded in the soil, evidently the plant was several years old. The gardeners bent their backs to their task; behind them the moon cast long dark shadows of fantastic forms.

I had halted near the group, with my head bowed and a vague feeling of oppression upon me. My eyes were fixed upon the hole which grew deeper and deeper under the strokes of the axes.

I imagined myself in a cemetery; in the dim light the side of the wall and the upper step of the staircase had the appearance of tombstones. The marble vases looked like funeral urns, and the men like gravediggers.

Poor child! It was on this very spot that, a few hours before, I had seen him full of life and spirits, and now they were digging his grave!

"Ah, accursed plant! A flowering devil! Viper knots!" grumbled the gardeners, putting forth all their strength to extirpate the roots.

Yes, the hateful, hideous plant must be

destroyed, burned, ground to powder, so that not a seed might be left to carry the poison elsewhere.

A portion of the bush unexpectedly gave way, and the men fell back a step or two. But they came forward at once again and bent over the exposed roots. Then I saw a look of horror cross their faces; a terrible clamor arose among them, and they rushed off, crossing themselves as they ran.

What could they have seen?

I was left alone. The cries of alarm given by the men had made my heart beat loudly, and my blood almost seemed to freeze in my veins with a fear of which I felt ashamed.

The gravel no longer crunched beneath the wild flight of the fugitives, yet I still stood listening, deceived by the loud beating of my own heart.

What could they have seen? Had infernal flames issued from that accursed pit? were they mad? and was I mad myself that I was afraid to look?

I rushed to the opening, and, as soon as my eyes fell upon the upturned earth, the cry that had so alarmed my ears broke from my own lips.

I was not mistaken, this was a tomb and within it lay a corpse.

Oh, the horrible, revolting, appalling sight that met my gaze! The roots, like claws, held in their grip a skull, while, in the most horrible way, they entwined themselves about the body. It was a skeleton, with remains of hair and beard, and pieces of clothing mingling with the fibres of the plant.

The hollow eyes seemed to gaze at me; they fascinated me, and my hair rose on end in horror. I seemed to hear a groan: then it rose louder and clearer, and I distinctly caught the words, "Avenge me!" A light flashed suddenly upon me! I turned and ran like a madman to the house.

The unhappy parents were still in the same room, which was now lighted by some funereal-looking tapers.

"Scala, Scala, it is Scala!" I cried, as I entered.

In the confusion of mind I could think of nothing else to say. I was choking with indignation and frozen with horror.

I had no pity for the wretched mother; I saw only the murderers who must be punished. The little corpse was white as a little waxen Jesus, and Claudia, blinded by her tears, did not even see me.

Her husband had risen at the sound of my voice. He gazed at me wildly, with great black rings round his eyes.

"You killed him," I began again; "he had my letter upon him, and it held your punishment—the terrible poison, the germ of this accusing plant. His murder is avenged, he has slain your child. But it will not end there. The crime is discovered, the alarm given, the murderer cannot deny his guilt."

My voice was harsh and menacing. I panted for breath.

The guilty man slowly shook his head.

"Deny it! Why should I deny it?" he said. "I know all is over. You are right. I killed him. I bought my love at the price of a crime. Fate ordered it thus, and had it been requisite I would have strewn with corpses the path that led me to my beloved one. You have never loved, you have right to condemn me, but love will be able to absolve me."

I was leaning against the wall, my arms folded. I was silent, disconcerted a little by such frankness.

He raised his wife, who overcome by grief, had understood nothing; he drew her towards him, gazing at her with unutterable love, and drying, with his lips, the tears that were blinding her beautiful eyes.

"Listen," he said to her; "listen, my darling. Your poor, torn heart must bear another sorrow. For one moment stay your grief. I must make my confession to you; before I go away I must have your forgiveness."

"Are you going away?" she asked, opening wide her eyes. With a quick gesture she laid her hands on her husband's shoulders, and looked at him with a fixed and anxious glance.

Then he began the following recital, to which I listened without uttering a word:

"You remember, Claudia, that wretched evening when—all hope dead for us—I wandered round your home, mad with anxiety, not daring to enter. I peered into the windows of your lighted rooms, into the stream of light at the open door. You were making one last effort to move your fiance; you tried to touch him, to implore him, to confess your love for me. What infernal torture the waiting was for me!

"Suddenly you appeared in the light of the door; you descended the doorsteps, and I clasped you, cold and trembling, to my arms.

"'All is over,' you said; he refuses to give me up. They are fixing the wedding-day. Farewell! I will die.'

"And you vanished into the red stream of light.

"At first I staggered as though I had received a blow on my head from a club; then a sudden calm succeeded the frightful excitement which had been consuming me. A cold, implacable resolution took the place of my hot wrath. And as you disappeared I cried:

"'It is neither you nor I, but another, who shall die!'

"The lucidity of my mind was awful. I drew from my pocket a dagger, which I always wore, and unsheathed it. The blade glistened, and, with my eyes fastened to its glassy surface, I calmly planned my revenge.

"I knew that the boat which had brought my enemy was waiting on the shore to take him, at midnight, to the steamer which left Naples that night. The Count was going to Genoa, his native city, to do some business connected with some last formalities necessitated by his marriage. It was on this circumstance that I based all the action of the drama, which for me was to be played twice, so clearly did I see and arrange in advance all the details. It even seemed to unroll before my eyes, and my mind was like a mirror, across which the scenes which were to happen passed with incredible rapidity. All the dangers to be evaded, all the precautions necessary for the preservation of the secret, presented themselves instantly to my mind, and were easily provided for. I felt neither fear nor hesitation. I seemed as though moved and directed by some power outside myself.

"I do not know how long a time elapsed between Claudia's entering the house and the appearance of the Count. But, suddenly, I sprang up in the shadows where I had been crouching at the sound of voices outside the house.

"Claudia's father was accompanying his chosen son-in-law to the doorstep.

"'Do not fret about the fancies; she will soon get over them.'

"'I hope so,' replied the Count, with a self-satisfied laugh. 'Meanwhile, I have love enough for both.'

"'Good-bye.'

"'Good-bye.'

"And my rival ran lightly down the steps, with his overcoat across his arm and a cigar between his lips.

"I followed him, hiding in the shadows of the arbutus-trees, and gliding along as silently as a beast of prey. As soon as he put his foot on the flight of steps leading down to the water, I threw myself upon him, seizing him by the throat with one hand to prevent his uttering a cry, while with the other I plunged my dagger into his heart.

"The sky was black and stormy, the night misty, but my enemy must have seen by whose hand he died, for I bent long over him, silently watching his death-agony, and never allowing the death-rattle to escape from the lips of the dying man."

"You only acted as I would have done," cried Claudia, who was breathlessly drinking in her husband's words. "I should have killed him on the wedding-night."

Leone threw a look of triumph at me. His wife had absolved him without an instant's hesitation, and her forgiveness satisfied him.

He pressed her to his heart, and then continued in firmer tones:

"As soon as every pulsation of life had ceased, I rose. I drew a deep breath; an inexpressible feeling of relief came over me. The fear which had filled my nights with agony, and under which I had writhed in rage and despair, was gone for ever. Claudia could never now be his! I was saved at last. Punishment, separation, my darling lost to me for ever, all these were nothing compared to what I had been saved from. But I resolved to conceal as completely as possible what men would call my crime, and so profit by it fully, so I neglected no precautions.

"I remembered having noticed a wheelbarrow at the corner of a path, and, thrown in it as though forgotten, a rake and a shovel. If these tools were no longer there the situation would be more complicated. I ran to the spot and, in my excitement, stumbled over the barrow, which fell with a crash that startled me.

"I was nearer the house now, and I involuntarily glanced up at it. All was dark on the ground floor, but several windows in the first story were still alight. I looked for Claudia's. Poor darling! I pictured her to myself bathed in tears, wringing her hands, and lamenting her fate. I longed to give her a word of hope, but I resisted the desire. She must know nothing, in order that no fear might cloud her happiness.

"I went back to my victim, and drew him into an angle of the wall where the shadows lay darkest. Then I rearranged my dress, which had become disordered in my silent struggle with my rival. Picking up his overcoat, which had fallen to the ground, I put it on. Then I ran swiftly down the steps.

"This coat was an unusual one and easily recognizable. It was a large travelling-coat of a light chestnut color, with a band fastening round the waist and large bone buttons. I was about the same height as the Count, and wore my beard trimmed in the same way as his. Here all resemblance between us ceased, but on such a dark night, and with such a well-known coat, the likeness was sufficient.

"The boatman was asleep in his boat. He had heard and seen nothing; there had been no sound to hear, and, on account of the darkness, nothing to see. I shook him as I sprang into the boat; he awoke quickly and rowed rapidly away. The heavy atmosphere weighed like lead on the still water. On the other side of the bay the lights of Naples were reflected in long red trails. The sounds of the city were distinctly audible, so silent was the sea. We touched the quay, and I made my way to the steamer, taking care to pull my hat well over my eyes and to light a cigar.

"I knew Scala's servant's name was Martino, but I did not know him by sight. This made me uneasy. Martino was sure to be waiting for his master at the steamer, he must see me, and might take me for some one else. What should I do? The light of the steamer shone out dimly. On the footbridge joining the steamer to the quay there was the hubbub of people coming and going usual at the last hour before the vessel leaves.

"I went on boldly, enveloped in a cloud of smoke from my cigar. As I hoped, Martino came forward to me at once, raising his cap.

"'I feared Monsieur the Count would be too late,' he said.

"I growled something inaudible in reply, pressing the cigar between my teeth to disguise my voice.

"'I have secured a good cabin,' he continued; 'the luggage is all down; here are the keys.'

"'All right,' I muttered; 'let me see the cabin.'

"Martino led the way down and I followed. It was a rash thing to do, for the between-deck was brilliantly lighted, and, for a moment, I gave up all for lost. But I had just time to pull out my handkerchief and bury my face in it, as the light of the lamp fell upon it, and the servant faced round to enter the cabin. I managed to turn back to him during the rest of the interview, which I curtailed as much as possible, but which seemed to me interminable.

"'This will do very well,' I said. 'You can go to bed. I shan't want anything else.'

"But he did not at once leave me. He arranged the bed, prepared some grog, and showed me a bag in which he had stowed some light provisions. I was in tortures, but at last he went away without having conceived the least suspicion.

"I soon went up on deck again. I was desirous the captain should see me, and made my way towards him.

"'Count Scala?' he inquired of me.

"I nodded.

"'Shall we start, notwithstanding the storm which is threatening?' I asked.

"'Yes, certainly.'

"'How soon?'

"'In ten minutes.'

"I had not an instant to lose. I hurried back to the cabin and, with excited haste, tore open the bags. I pulled out the provisions and the toilet articles, placing them here and there about the cabin. I washed my hands, which may have had some blood upon them. I took off the coat which had disguised me so well, and threw it across the bed, having first disturbed it. Then I attacked the provisions, putting some pieces into my pockets. I even drank off a bottle of wine. But time pressed. I cast a last glance round the cabin. It looked as though it had been thoroughly occupied. Then I left it, closing the door gently behind me. I went up on deck, and succeeded in leaving the vessel without being observed. A few seconds later the whistle of the engine announced the departure of the steamer. The comedy was played out. I must return to the darker scenes of the drama.

"I did not want to take a boat to return to the town, as the boatman might prove a dangerous witness. I was forced therefore to make a long round at the end of the bay.

"The threatening storm made the roads deserted, and I did not meet a creature.

"As I set my foot upon the lowest step of the water-stairs, the first flash of lightning lit up the sea, and above the sea rumbled the thunder. I slowly ascended the steps, feeling an undefined terror in the dark night, darker than ever after the vivid light.

"What if my enemy were still alive? What if he were no longer there? What if I had to go the dead again, and upon a wounded man?

"I could not at first find the spot where I had left my victim. In the darkness I groped about in vain, dreading to feel the corpse beneath my hand, but fearing still more not to find it.

"I broke into a cold perspiration.

"Suddenly I touched his cold face, and, with a stifled cry, I sprang back involuntarily. The next moment, a second flash showed me his white face.

"Till now I had retained an extraordinary amount of coolness, but at this moment I was almost giving way at the superstitious horror which fell upon me.

"The storm burst forth with terrific fury; the sea, rising suddenly, added its tumult to the roar of the thunder, and the wind blew a hurricane. I thought the heavens were opening above me, and I longed to fly, above all to escape, from the ghastly face which appeared and disappeared with the flashes of lightning.

"I recovered myself, however, and set to work to dig a grave.

"It is needless to tell you of all the tortures the task inflicted upon me. Beneath torrents of rain which overwhelmed me, amid the tumult of the elements, under an angry sky now and again reddened by a reflection from Vesuvius-like smoking flames, an almost intolerable weariness paralysed my limbs. As I dug his grave the eyes of the dead man seemed to follow me! At times I imagined myself a prey to the most terrible nightmare, and I wished that a stream of lava could fall and bury every memory of the victim and his murderer.

"When all was finished day was breaking and the storm had died away. The grey light of morning restored my self-control, and enabled to efface every trace of murder. The storm had assisted me by softening the earth, and the rain had washed away all marks of blood. I replaced the tools where I had found them, and fled to my home, where, utterly exhausted, I lay down and slept twenty-four hours without waking.

"The rest you know. The presence of the Count on board the steamer had been fully established by my daring appearance; the recovered coat, the disordered cabin, and the few sentences I had exchanged with the captain and the valet, left no room for doubt. Besides, the disappearance of a passenger was easily explained by one of those accidents by no means uncommon at sea. The crossing had been a bad one, the night very misty. In the midst of the roar and tumult of the sea, a man might easily be washed overboard without any one knowing what had happened or giving the alarm.

"Claudia being liberated by this death, her father had no further reason for refusing her to me. She became my wife. The bliss of our union filled my whole soul and drowned all remembrance of my rival. Nevertheless, I avoided the villa at Portici, until Claudia talked of selling it because of my dislike to it, and thus forced me to come back in order that I might turn her from such a dangerous idea. The first time I saw this house again I was alone. I had come to prepare it for our return.

"Something always attracts us to what we should most avoid. I felt forced to visit the corner of the park I ought to have shunned, the terrace by the shore. I made my way slowly there, my thoughts dwelling on the tortures of that guilty night, my eyes searching for the place of the secret, unknown grave.

"Suddenly I gave a cry of alarm. On the spot I knew so well, on the bare place chosen expressly far from all vegetation, where the spade of the gardener would never penetrate, above the white pebbles which strewed the sands, I saw that terrible plant, those blood-red flowers with threatening fangs like the serpents of the Eumenides. What was this fearful flower? How could it have grown up out of the grave? I tried to tear it up, but it was too firmly rooted, and I made my fingers bleed with the thorns. I was renewing my attempt when I saw a gardener approaching. He came up to me quickly.

"'I was just wishing to ask you, sir,' he said, 'about this bush. I did not like to dig it up without orders. It's a curious plant, and no one knows how it came here.'

"'Dig it up!' I exclaimed. 'What are you talking about?' I felt I was turning pale, but I knew I must not betray myself.

"'Take care not to disturb it,' I said, as calmly as I could; 'it is a valuable plant, and I set great store by it.'

"I thought I might forget the horrible plant which fear forced me to preserve, but it had wounded my soul with venomous fangs, and fastened itself there for ever. My happiness was now mixed with terror. I avoided the side of the park where flourished the object of my fear, but I felt it was ever growing, becoming a shrub, a tree, a forest. I fancied I saw its threatening gestures and heard it cries for vengeance! Ah! I knew he was waiting for us!"

Leone, who had gradually lost the calmness with which he had begun, and who was feverishly excited, ceased speaking, and fixed on his dead child a look full of grief.

Claudia was weeping on his shoulder. Both seemed to have completely forgotten my presence.

During the recital I had passed through various phases of feeling. The horror and indignation which had overwhelmed me at first, had given place to unwilling interest, to reprehensible weakness, which drove me almost to regret the discovery of the crime.

It was I who had furnished the dead man with the means for wreaking his vengeance from the tomb. I was almost angry with myself.

Love is an excuse for much; a man possessed by it is hardly master of himself. If his passion is threatened he defends it with his life. Had Claudia loved me, of what might I not have been capable?

All these thoughts were fermenting in my brain, but in an undefined way, and I said aloud, almost against my will:

"How are you to escape from justice? The terrified gardeners have given the alarm. Is there still time for you to fly?"

My voice aroused them, and they turned their eyes hurriedly to me.

"Yes, yes, let us escape," cried Claudia; take our child and fly to the other side of the world."

Leone shook his head.

We heard sounds coming from the park.

"Listen!" he said. "It is too late, but they shall not capture me alive."

Claudia shrieked and embraced her husband passionately.

"Kill me first," she moaned, "I cannot see you die."

Her beautiful hair had untwisted and streamed in disorder beneath Leone's lips. In the waving tresses shone a crimson flower. He was gazing about him in search, no doubt, of a weapon.

All at once my eyes fell, at the same instant as his, upon this blossom.

He shivered and drew back instinctively, but the next instant he bent over his wife, kissed her fervently, then put his lips to the flower, and ate it.

"Stop, stop!" I screamed, springing towards him. "The Serpent-flower! Once more it avenges itself!"

Leone gave me a look full of gentleness.

"Thank you," he said; "watch over her."

Claudia, pale as death, had risen. She saw her husband's face grow convulsed, his lips bleed; she opened her mouth as though to shriek, and sank, without a sound, senseless to the ground.

* * * * * *

A year later, towards the end of autumn, a carriage stood waiting before the door of a pretty house which I had hired in one of the quietest streets of Naples.

In this house for a year I had struggled with death for the unhappy Claudia, who had been stricken down with fever on the terrible day when she lost both husband and child.

I had removed her from the ill-fated villa, but her condition had not allowed of her being taken farther than Naples.

With the devotion of a brother, mingled perhaps with something of a warmer feeling, I had nursed her during all these long miserable months.

Many a time I thought I had lost her, but her youth, and perhaps, too, the ardor with which I wrestled for her life, had brought renewed hope.

This time I was decidedly victorious, and for six weeks she had been convalescent. But it was only bodily health she was recovering; all-powerful nature was hastening her work of reparation, while the weakened mind still slumbered.

It was not without anxiety that I awaited the reawakening of her intellect, when to the fever I had conquered should succeed the incurable tortures of despair.

Had I done well to snatch his prey from Death, the Consoler? Why had I done so? Had I been influenced by some selfish feeling, some unavowed hope?

These thoughts had only visited me since her recovery; during my struggle with death I had not known them. But nature would surely again come to my aid. I would carry her away—far, far away—to other skies. Little by little the love of life would return to her; she would thank me for having saved her, and who could say what might not happen?

This drive she was about to take was the first she had attempted; if she bore it well we might start in a few days.

I arranged the pillows in the carriage, made sure that the horses were not too fresh, gave some directions to the driver, and then went to fetch my poor invalid. She came without a question. She was no longer a woman, only a lovely statue. I made her as comfortable as possible, and we slowly started. A lady's maid occupied the back seat. We drove through the noisy city by the shortest route, for I was anxious to be in the open country. The air was balmy and the sun brilliant; it was the very day for an invalid.

I scrutinized my companion's motionless face; it was calm and devoid of all expression, but the blue eyes had a wistful look in them. Memory had not returned, but I felt it was not far off. I scarcely know why, but I hoped it would not come back till we were in sight of the sea. I fancied the blue waves might have power to soften her grief, and that, beside them, I should be better able to speak to her of hope and comfort.

Claudia gazed long and earnestly at the setting sun, its rays seemed to fascinate her, but I was anxious to return, lest we should be overtaken by the twilight.

As we entered the city a block of carriages delayed our progress. I leaned out to see what had happened. I had hardly turned my head when a wild cry from Claudia pierced my heart.

A girl, with her basket full of flowers, had sprung on to the steps of the carriage, and was laughing while offering us a large crimson bunch of those scoursed, murderous flowers—a hot pot of Serpent flowers! I uttered an imprecation, while the lady's maid, with a hasty movement, pushed the wretched girl who had wrought our misery on to the pavement.

But it was too late! Claudia had seen them, she had understood. That cry was the first and last of her reawakened soul. Her reason had fled for ever.

The Serpent-flower had done its work!

The Phonograph.

BY J. CASSELL.

"I SAY, Angus have you been meddling with my instruments?"

Angus, reading in an arm-chair before the fire, with his back to the lamp, grunted an unintelligent "Eh?" and again became absorbed in his book. I repeated my question.

"And what should I be meddling with your instruments for?" he replied, turning half round in his chair.

"Well it's very queer. I'll take my oath they were all in order this morning, and just look at them now. Has any one been in to-evening?"

"Not a soul, till you came in a minute ago with all this noise."

"Then, all I can say is, that somebody's been! There's one of my operating knives missing. Look here, some one must have been using this case."

Angus McIntosh and I were medical students in those days—both Scotchmen both good-hearted fellows, both deeply attached to each other. We occupied one set of rooms in Surgeons' Square, within cry of Arthur's Seat, and both, at the time of this story, studying our profession at St. Bartholomew's, and augmenting in the cheap exile of Pimlico. We had left Edinburgh about a year before, and since then had shared our meals and sordid sitting-room together.

The rest of the household consisted of our landlady, Mrs. Pell; her nephew Richard, a roystering and dissipated orphan of twenty-five or thereabouts; and the servant. The servant (in consequence of Mr. Richard's temper) usually gave notice at the end of a week; the present one, however, had outlasted a fortnight. So that we were living in trembling hope, not because Eliza was any more capable than her predecessors, but because we knew the horrors of an interregnum.

"Who can it have been?" I asked, as I searched among the papers on the table for the missing knife.

"Eliza, perhaps," said Angus. "That young woman, I have noticed, has the bump of secretiveness largely developed, not to mention combativeness, destructiveness, and some minor failings. Indeed, speaking as a phrenologist, I should say she has the very vilest head I have ever met."

Angus had always a leaning to the less legitimate branches of our science.

"Nonsense!" said I; "it's the way she does her hair; besides, what she can want an operating knife for, except to peel potatoes, I don't know. Hallo! What's this?"

I had turned to the side table, and found myself confronted with a strange instrument slightly resembling a sausage machine.

"That? Oh, that's a phonograph, which Dr. Larkins loaned to me this afternoon. Don't meddle with it, but listen to this;" and Angus proceeded to read as follows:

"Science is rapidly reducing the most astonishing dreams of romance writers to accepted facts of every-day life. The 'frozen words' of Baron Munchausen would, but a few years since, have been classed, without hesitation, among the most daring of that great traveller's fables. To-day, however, by the invention of the phonograph——"

At this moment, the street door slammed loudly, and erratic footsteps were heard coming up the stairs.

"That is Richard," said I.

"As drunk as usual," replied Angus, as the footsteps passed our door with a clumsy kick, and continued their journey upstairs. "He is going to bed. Now, why Mrs. Pell keeps a ruffian like that in the house, and, still more, how she keeps him, is a mystery to me."

"I heard the other day," said I, "that she was very well to do. But, to resume," I added, as the sounds died away, and the orphan had apparently retired for the night; "do you mean to say that if I shout into this my words will remain bottled up until I choose to let them out again?"

"Certainly. You can try if you like." Angus came over and stood by the phonograph beside me.

I had never seen this invention before, although I had heard of it; and indeed, at the time of my story, it was still a novelty in science. So, partly in joke, partly for want of anything better to say to the instrument, I bent down, turned the handle of the machine, and shouted into it, "Help! help! murder!"

"Help! help! murder!"

I started back and looked at Angus in white amazement. The words, that were a perfect echo of my own, had not come from the instrument, but from some part of the house above.

For a moment we gazed at each other in terrified surprise; then rushed out of the room and up the stairs in the direction of the sound. A faint light came from within the room, and, as we gained the threshold, this was the sight that chilled our blood with horror:

Beside the bed stood Richard, a lighted candle soaking to and fro in his trembling hands. His face, as reason began to shine through the fumes of drink, was absolutely paled with horror. His knees shook as though he were about to drop, and his eyes, as he looked up on our entry, wore an expression the like of which, in all my experience (and I have seen many strange sights in my time), I can truly say I have never met.

On the bed itself lay our landlady, Mrs. Pell, with a horrid gash right across her throat. Blood was smeared and streaked across the counterpane, and here and there had formed small pools in its depressions. In one of these lay an operating knife—my knife—its ivory handle discolored with the same awful red. A bundle of papers half protruded from the pillow. A sovereign or two lay about, and a leather purse was still clasped in the left hand of the murdered woman.

Angus stepped to the bed. "She is quite dead," he said, after a moment's examination. "Do you mind keeping an eye on Master Richard whilst I fetch the police?"

With this he left the room, and I stood watching my companion. He was still dazed with the drink, and presently, without a word, sat down on a chair beside the bed and buried his face in his hands. As he did so I noticed that they too were stained with blood.

I do not wish to make this story long, so I will not describe my feelings during that half hour. Once only were we interrupted, and then by Eliza the servant. She had slept, it appeared, through the hideous cry, and had been awakened by Angus before he went out. Her face was white as a sheet, and she trembled so that I sent her back to her room again. The miserable wretch by the bed showed no sign of resistance to my custody, and even had he done so she was far too frightened to help.

Angus returned at length with two policemen, and the orphan was taken into custody. Appearances were dead against him, but from the moment when we discovered him at his aunt's bedside, he had never spoken a word. Before the magistrate, too, on the following day, he reserved his defence, merely saying, "I am innocent."

He was committed for trial, of course, on the charge of wilful murder. Meanwhile he had at least two months in which to prepare his defence.

* * * * * * *

It was exactly a week after the funeral when, on going to the hospital, I found that I had forgotten a note-book, and I was forced to return to my lodgings for it. As I shut the front door I thought I heard some one above in our room, and scarcely had I set foot on the first stair when I heard that this person, whoever it was, was meddling with my instruments.

It may well be imagined that after the theft of my operating knife I was highly inclined to resent a repetition of such a trick. Determining, therefore, to catch the culprit red-handed, I stole upstairs as softly as I could and looked in at the half-open door.

Eliza, the servant, was standing inside the room with her back to me. She had a duster under her left arm, and her right hand was laid on the handle of the phonograph; and then I heard a soft vibrating whisper run through the stillness of the room, and once more the fatal words:

"Help! help! murder!"

Then followed a wild shriek, and the girl fell upon her knees with outstretched hands.

"Mercy! oh, mercy! I will confess it all. I will confess. Oh, mercy, mercy!"

The voice of the phonograph had come from its hiding-place and surprised her guilty secret. Within ten minutes I heard from her lips the story of our landlady's murder.

The girl had heard the common rumor that Mrs. Pell possessed money; had found out that the timid woman slept with a considerable sum under her pillow; had taken my knife in case of surprise; but, notwithstanding her caution, had awakened Mrs. Pell, with the result which we know.

Sure that the landlady's cries would alarm the household, she had dropped both money and knife and fled in the darkness to her own room just before the drunken Richard emerged with a candle from his chamber. He must have picked up the knife in his dull amazement, and again dropped it. This is the only way in which he has been able to account for the blood on his fingers.

Eliza never suffered for her crime. The shock which her intellect received on the morning when she dusted the phonograph developed before long into violent insanity. She is now one of the most troublesome patients at Broadmoor.

Richard, of course, was released. He has once more taken to drink, and there is every prospect of his accomplishing his death within the next six months.

A ROSE JAR.—Comparatively few housekeepers rate these useful jars at their proper value. If you are happy in the possession of one, it should be opened every morning for an hour, then carefully closed. All your friends will ask, "What gives your room so delightful a fragrance?" It is such a pure yet delicious odor that it charms every one.

The preparation of the rose stock should be detailed to the care taking member of the family, who never forgets anything. Gather the rose petals in the morning; let them stand in a cool place, toss them up lightly for one hour to dry; then put them in layers, with salt sprinkled over each layer, into a large covered dish—a glass butter dish is a convenient receptacle. You can add to this for several mornings, till you have enough stock—from one pint to a quart, according to the size of the jar; stir every morning, and let the whole stand for ten days.

Then transfer it to a glass fruit jar, in the bottom of which you have placed two ounces of allspice, coarsely ground, and as much stick cinnamon, broken coarsely. This may now stand for six weeks, closely covered, when it is ready for the permanent jar, which may be as pretty as your ingenuity can devise or your means purchase.

Those with double covers are the best, and very pretty ones in the blue and white Japanese ware, holding over a quart, can be bought for a small sum.

Have ready one ounce each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon, and mace, all ground (not fine); one ounce of orris root bruised and shredded; two ounces of lavender flowers; and a small quantity of any other sweet-scented dried flowers or herbs. Mix together, and put into the jar in alternate layers with the rose stock, and a few drops of oil of rose, geranium, or violet, and pour over the whole one quarter pint of good cologne.

This will last for years, though from time to time you may add a little lavender or orange-flower water, or any nice perfume, and some seasons a few fresh rose petals. You derive a satisfaction from the labor only to be estimated by the happy owners of similar jars.

EXTRAORDINARY TEA.—A venerable Western divine who in his day and generation was remarkable for his primitive and austerest mode of life, at length fell ill. He was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighboring district. On her proposing to make some beef-tea, he inquired what it was, and, being informed, promised to drink it at his usual dinner-hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home after directing him to drink a quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days later, when the lady was surprised to see the beef-tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and, having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent. "Ay, ay," quoth the divine; "it may be well enough that way, but try it with sugar and cream, as I did."

REGULATE the Regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Manufactured by proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure. Largest bottle in the market. All druggists sell it.

As the master, so is the servant. As your brains are, so is your body. Use Warner's Log Cabin Rose Cream, and clear your head of that horrid catarrh. It is a sure relief from Catarrh. Price 50 cents a bottle.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The town of Bethlehem in Palestine is now lighted with gas, and a road is to be made from the town to the tomb of Rachel. The decree by which foreign Jews are forbidden to take up their abode in Jerusalem is at present carried out with extreme rigor. Every Jew who enters the Holy City has to give bail that he will depart within thirty days.

A Savannah newspaper has run across a man in Atlanta who is peculiarly afflicted. "One of his eyes is a dark blue in color and the other is a light gray. In the daytime—from sunrise to sunset—he cannot see anything out of the blue eye, but sees distinctly and well with the gray eye, and from sunset to sunrise he cannot see anything with the gray one. His hearing is similarly affected. He can hear only on the blind side; thus he can hear with one ear during the daytime and with one ear during the night. He never discovered this until recently."

"Keeping house in London," writes a correspondent, "is accompanied with conditions very different from American housekeeping. It is the tenant, not the landlord, who pays all taxes (except the property tax) in England, and consequently the deluded American who thinks he has got such a dear little house so cheap is horrified to find at the end of the quarter that he is up for vestry rates, poor rates, inhabited house duty, water tax, income tax, local charities and lords and commons know what besides. These bring the rent up to a figure he never dreamed of."

An Ellingtown (N. Y.) man, who, about fifteen years ago, was sent to prison for felony, served out his sentence and then emigrated to the West, where he acquired a fortune. In the meantime his wife remarried and with their only son removed to Kennedy. Recently the long-absent father came East, intending to take his son home with him. As he stepped from the train he noticed a coffin coming from the baggage car. Inquiring who was dead the old gentleman learned that it was his son, who had been killed while working as a brakeman at Union City, a day or two before.

To a grand dinner, given recently at Belgrade, by an august personage to some foreigners of distinction visiting the Servian capital, several members of the Skuptschina (or national parliament) had been invited. One of the alien guests, a well-known French financier, happened to sit next to a Servian M. P., and was considerably diverted by his quaint expedients for dealing with certain attributes of civilization obviously unfamiliar with him. Toward the conclusion of the feast the Frenchman selected a toothpick from a small tray lying near him and politely passed the receptacle on to his neighbor, who, however, peremptorily declined his offer, exclaiming: "No, Monsieur; I have already eaten ten of the things and I want no more."

A seventy-five-year-old resident of Washington township, Fayette county, Pa., was married recently to a lady seven years his junior. After the ceremony a party of young men went to the residence of the groom and, with tin horns, pans and other discordant implements, proceeded to give the couple a serenade. When it had lasted a half hour the bridegroom appeared at a window and told his serenaders that "he had no animosity toward them and appreciated their attention; but, unless they went away within ten minutes, he would come out and inflict such chastisement as would be eminently appropriate." At the expiration of the allotted time as the young men had not retired, the groom came out of the house and, according to a correspondent, engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with his tormentors, who in be finally dispersed.

The daughter of a prominent merchant of Lousiville, Va., was married the other evening, and this is the way the occasion was celebrated by some of the townspeople: "Before the ceremony took place a large crowd of serenaders assembled and made night hideous with all kinds of discordant sounds and noises. Gates were taken off, the streets of the village were blockaded, and the bridal procession was unable to proceed to the church where the ceremony was to have occurred, and the marriage had to take place at the residence of the bride's father. The rude serenade was continued long after the ceremony and reception had ended. Several horses were badly frightened that they broke their fastenings and ran away. Several of the invited guests found the wheels of their carriages taken off and hid in the woods, and roads in all directions were blockaded for some distance around." Such, at least, is the story.

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Our Young Folks.

MUFFIN AND GUFFIN.

BY ANKLA.

A MORE troublesome, inquisitive pair of puppies than Muffin and Guffin never gambolled about a courtyard, or rolled in the sun, or worried the coachman, or got in the groom's way, or under the feet of the stable-boy.

They never learnt wisdom, they never remembered anything; they even forgot two seconds afterwards the kicks they received, and they drove their mother, Countess, to the verge of distraction with their incessant questions.

A few now and then would not have mattered, but these two ridiculous little animals wanted to know every single thing, and as soon as they had been told, they forgot, and asked the same question again. It was too aggravating.

Instead, their mother, a quiet, peaceable old doggie, sometimes heard to declare that they ought to have been drowned with their brothers in the bucket; whereupon Guffin invariably asked, "What brothers?" while Muffin, not to be behind-hand, chimed in with "What bucket?"

Muffin, however, would not have been so bad but for his brother, for he contented himself with asking comparatively easy questions, such as "Why had horses four legs, and Jem, the stable-boy, only two?" and, "Why mightn't he eat the chickens' food, or gnaw the gooseberries?" But Guffin was of a more inquiring turn of mind.

He requested to be told all about the sun and the moon and the stars, and all about mowing machines, perches and tricycles in fact, everything both inside and outside the system excited his keenest curiosity.

The puppies had one opportunity of seeing the world, for the children took them when they went blackberrying one afternoon, but I am bound to confess that they vowed they would never, never do so again.

Guffin and Muffin set off in high glee, capering and frisking, and at first all went well. But being only used to playing about in the yard they had no idea of trotting steadily along; and besides, they were so fat that it was next to impossible.

Muffin was always stopping to snap at flies, or to examine something very interesting in the hedge; twice he strayed into a field and got lost, and once he had to be hauled out of a ditch.

Then Guffin grew tired, and stretched himself out flat on the road, and gave out that he was going to die, so Basil and Harry were obliged to carry the fat beggar between them, which they said was really too bad.

Seeing this, Muffin must needs want to be carried too, whereupon the girls, afraid of a row, tried to stuff him into a large blackberry basket. But to this Master Muffin objected, and came to the ground with a thump, which frightened him considerably, but fortunately broke no bones.

Altogether, the puppies' first expedition could hardly be called a success, and glad enough they were to get back to their mother again and the old familiar kennel.

The next day, when the gander asked them what they thought of the great world outside, Guffin looked foolish, and Muffin pretended he heard some one calling him, and walked off.

In truth was they had forgotten all about it, as usual, for their memories were just like sieves, and let everything through.

Now you may be sure that the heroes of my tale took great interest in all that went forward in the yard: their own particular province.

Therefore, when Chloe, the stable cat, took to spending whole hours in the box containing the blacking brushes, Guffin and Muffin could make nothing of such behavior, and felt sure that there was some tremendous mystery about it.

Time after time they tried to get to the bottom of it, but to no purpose, for if Ben, or the coachman, or the cook, or any of the children found them anywhere near the mysterious box, so surely were the inquisitive creatures sent flying. Countess, their mother, would say nothing but "Mind your own business, children, and leave that box alone."

However, one day Guffin managed to get quite close to the object of their curiosity; but Chloe, who was singing away happily inside, suddenly bounced up, and glared at him so fiercely that he turned tail and fled.

Clearly the stable cat was not a lady to be disturbed in any way: nevertheless, when Guffin began to be troubled in his dreams by the mysterious box something evidently had to be done.

"I can bear it no longer," he said to his brother one day; "last night I dreamt that that box was half-full of bones!"

Muffin's eyes grew large with excitement.

"And they weren't nasty bones, but covered with meat, delicious meat; and there were so many of them that it took us a long time to pick them!"

"Were they mutton bones?" inquired Muffin, with the deepest interest.

"Every one of them," answered his brother with great decision; "and I dreamt that we carried them away and buried them behind the hen-house."

The result of this magnificent dream was a plot—a plot to overthrow the citadel (that is the box, by main force, and to possess themselves of its contents. If they got nothing else there would still be the brushes, and some nice dark stuff in a bottle, which both the puppies had always longed to taste.

But the threatened piece of mischief was not to be performed all in a hurry. Guffin and Muffin felt that it would be as well to select a time when their mother and Chloe were out of the way; to say nothing of the coachman or the stable-boy, who might interfere and spoil the fun just when it was about to begin.

So they watched and waited, and watched and waited, with a patience worthy of a better object.

At last the opportunity came. They were feeling rather dismal one morning, because they had been left behind, while their mother went for a run with the groom, who was exercising the horses. Of course they wanted to go too, and felt rather hurt at being very sternly ordered to go back to their kennel.

But Guffin's face brightened when he caught sight of Chloe jumping out of her box, and making her way in the direction of the dairy.

Another glance showed him that neither the coachman nor Ben was in sight—the field was clear at last.

"Now is our time," he cried gleefully; while Muffin, who followed his brother's example in everything, executed a caper of satisfaction. Then the two trotted up to the box, and Guffin issued his orders.

"Now, Muffin, you go the other side and heave the box up, while I pull it down this side, and we will have the thing over in a second. Are you ready? One, two, three, off!"

A vigorous kick, a push and a pull, and the box was toppled up.

Out came a couple of brushes, a bottle of blacking, and lo! but certainly not one, but three kittens, and all on the top of the unfortunate Guffin. Down went his head, up went the brushes, one great brush hitting him a thump on the ear, and he was nearly buried by the blacking which came pouring over him out of the overturned bottle.

As for the kittens, they all went sprawling in different directions, snarling and spitting enough for twenty, and screaming for their mother to come back and stop the earthquake.

Poor little things! small wonder that they made a noise! Anybody might be alarmed at being suddenly shot out of bed without rhyme or reason.

The courageous Muffin, thinking that discretion was undoubtedly the better part of valor, ran off with all speed, leaving his brother to settle matters in the best way he could.

He wisely reflected that it was entirely Guffin's fault, and that it served him right to have a pack of detestable little cats about his ears.

For Muffin's heart was very sore about the mutton bones. A puppy's conscience is not worth much, and he had come to believe firmly in the great moral of Guffin's fancy. One thing he was now quite tired of, he was a dejected little dog, there was not the shadow of a bone, and Chloe was coming out of the dairy door to look after her children.

No one could have been more surprised at the result of his experiment than Guffin himself. The boot blacking got in his eyes and ears: he even had a taste of it in his mouth, and found it most unpleasant.

Then, before he knew were he was, he was attacked by the stable cat, who flew at him, boiling with rage, and dug her claws into his woolly coat.

"You monster!" she cried. "You wicked, bad dog, what are you doing to my babies?"

Guffin gave vent to one loud yelp; he was frightened out of his very wits, and the instant Chloe let go he scrambled off to the kennel, with his tail between his legs.

"You have done a nice piece of work this morning," remarked the gander in a superior tone. "I shall make a point of telling your mother when she comes back. What possessed you to go and meddle with the stable cat, I should like to know? Such impudence! You'll be interfering with my wife next, when she stops at home to take care of the eggs. I hope your mother will scold you well: I do, indeed."

Guffin thought it was unkind of the gander, but he was too disturbed in his mind to venture to remonstrate; and Muffin tried to put on an air of extreme innocence, as if he had had really no hand in the late performance. But the gander showed no favor, and told the curious whimpering that each of the puppies was as badly behaved as the other, if not worse.

Everyone knew or ought to have known that the stable cat was a privileged being, and not to be insulted or annoyed.

Upon this their mother gave them a few pats and a good lecture, telling them that these mischievous, inquisitive ways would not do, and that they must set to work to amend them.

From that time it was amusing to notice how carefully the two avoided Chloe's residence. They never showed any desire to investigate again the contents of that box.

THE UNEXPECTED.—Nothing takes a questioner so much aback as an entirely unexpected reply, especially if, as is generally the case, there be some degree of truth in it.

In a school examination a vacuum was described as "an empty space without anything in it;" and a compass, according to another genius, was "a tripod with a round or circular box surmounting it, which always points due north."

This reminds us of the very sensible answer returned by a candidate in a Civil Service examination to the question, "How far is the sun from the earth?" but which, we fear, did not increase his chances of passing.

"I don't know," he wrote; "but it's so far that it will never interfere with my performing my duties if I am appointed."

As an example of the error of talking figuratively to those who do not appreciate and who are apt to take everything literally, this story is worth reading.

The respected superintendent of a Sunday school had told his boys that they should endeavor to bring their neighbors to the school, saying that they should be like a train—the scholar being the engine, and his converts the car. Judge of his surprise when, next Sunday, the door opened during lessons, and a little boy, making a noise like an engine, ran in, followed by half-a-dozen others in single file at his back! He came to a halt before the superintendent, who asked the meaning of it all. The naive answer was: "Please, sir, I'm the engine, and them's the cars."

A father said: "Bill, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping."—"I know, daddy; but bills are not always paid when due." Equally clever was a boy hearing of the wonders of astronomy. "Men have learned the distances of the stars," his father said; "and, with their spectroscopes, found out what they are made of."—"Yes," was the reply; "and isn't it strange, pa, how they found out their names so soon?"

A legal luminary was severely dealt with at the hands of a young lady noted for her sharp wit.

The Judge, whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his intellect was keen and judgment fair, asked their female what she meant by the term "humbugged."—"Well, my lord," replied the lady, angry at the interruption, "I hardly know how to explain it, but if a young lady called your lordship a handsome man, she would be humbugging you."

Two candidates, named Adam and Low, had to preach probation sermons for a lectureship in the gift of a certain congregation. Mr. Low preached in the morning, taking, for his text the words, "Adam, where art thou?" and giving an excellent sermon.

Mr. Adam took his text, to the suprise of the congregation and his rival, the passage, "Lo, here am I." From this he preached such a splendid impromptu sermon that he gained the lectureship."

AN EXCITING RIDE.

BY MRS. DAVID KER.

"MOTHER says we're to have this room all to ourselves, Nelson; isn't it lovely?"

"Yes, very jolly; there's a window every way you turn! Look, Ida!"

"We'll pretend to be a besieged castle, with enemies all around us, and have our guns at each window."

"And I'll shoot pegs down on the foe below!" cried Nelson, excitedly.

Ida's and Nelson's parents has just come to live at Grand Canary, and had taken a Spanish house right on the sea-shore, not far from the town of Las Palmas.

The massive stone house was built all on one storey, but a small winding stair from the courtyard in the middle led to a little square room on the top of the flat roof.

It had a window in each of its four walls, which looked out upon the mountains, sea, and sky.

"Children! children! come down," called out their father, Mr. Renshaw, from below; "you're to have a treat!"

Ida and Nelson scurried down the narrow stair like rabbits, Nelson falling at the bottom into the embrace of a young orange-tree, which, with other trees and plants, ornamented the courtyard.

"Don Jose and the Senora are waiting for us outside to take us for a drive," said Mrs. Renshaw; "and as there is not room for all they have kindly brought their pretty little *burro* (donkey) for Nelson."

The children quickly threw on their hats, and scampered to the door. The moment Nelson saw the nice-looking, well-groomed donkey, he sprang gaily on its back, and was just starting off when Ida called out—

"Father, father, just look at Admiral Nelson! He's to bring up our rear on donkey back!"

At this remark, and its accompanying burst of derisive laughter, Nelson leaped from the donkey, and stamping his foot angrily on the pavement, cried—

"I'm not going to ride on this stupid, jogging, slow-coach brute when I've galloped all over the country on a pony in England!"

"Very well, Nelson," said Mr. Renshaw; "if you mean to come with us at all you'll have to walk."

"Goosey!" said Ida, for which remark she was reproved by her mother.

The Senora was a very kind-hearted lady, and gave orders to the coachman not to drive fast, so that Nelson at first had no difficulty in keeping up with the carriage. Rosinante, the donkey, who was a great pet with his master's family, was easily persuaded to run on in front, alongside of the horses.

"Oh, I do wish," cried Ida, in a very loud voice, so that Nelson could hear, "that the *burro* would run behind instead. It would be much nicer for us to see the two little donkeys jogging on together."

"And so I had you put out of the carriage," said Mrs. Renshaw, "it would be greater fun still for us to see the three little donkeys jogging on together."

When they got into the town Nelson must have heartily repented having got off Rosinante, for all the Spanish children stared with all their might at seeing a well-dressed boy walking by himself, and following the carriage like a dog, and some of them came about him, mocking and laughing at him.

To add to his distress, he was hot and tired, and in all the streets he saw grown men riding briskly on donkeys, often smaller than the despised Rosinante.

The road wound very steeply around the hillside when they left the town, and what with the clouds of dust (for it had not rained for six months) and the sun beating down upon his head, poor Nelson felt very sick and choky, and altogether thoroughly miserable.

Nobody in the carriage now seemed to notice him, for Don Jose was pointing them out the fine views which were seen as they went along.

At last the carriage stopped at a wayside inn, and the coachman got down from the box, to refresh the horses by pouring wine on their heads.

Nelson took this opportunity to rest under the shadow of a large fig-tree. As he was leaning against the trunk he felt the boughs move above him, and, looking round, saw Rosinante quietly nibbling the leaves.

The comfortable-looking saddle was still on his back, and the stirrups dangling by the side.

Nelson instinctively looked round to make sure that no one saw him, and finding himself unobserved, he clambered on to the donkey's back.

"Mother! Father!" shrieked Ida.

Mr. and Mrs. Renshaw looked where Ida pointed, and saw to their horror that Rosinante, with Nelson on his back, was tearing down the mountain-side at a break-neck pace.

The Senora echoed Ida's screams, while Don Jose ordered the coachman to remount the box at once, and follow the runaway donkey as fast as possible. Mr. Renshaw was on the point to spring out of the carriage to follow his child on foot but Don Jose insisted upon his remaining where he was, saying that the horses were far more used to running down such steep hills than he was.

Ida had never in all her life driven so fast, even on level ground, and got quite dizzy in going down, down, down, at such a pace. But she had no fear for herself, although she sobbed bitterly all the way, calling out continually:

"I know my darling brother will be killed, and it's all my fault, all my fault!"

"Bravo, Nelson! hold on, my boy!" shouted Mr. Renshaw every now and then, and turning to his wife, would add, "He's a brave little fellow! He's keeping his grip wonderfully!"

As they went flying through the town (Rosinante still far ahead), every one quickly got out of their way. Nor did the strong-minded donkey slacken speed until he found himself at his master's door, which was closed to the Renshaws'. He then stopped so suddenly that poor Nelson was jerked out of the saddle, and fell seemingly lifeless on to the road.

Mr. Renshaw sprang out of the carriage, and bore his child tenderly into the house.

Rosinante, however, meant no real mischief. He was used to turning round to go home with his master's children after resting a little at the inn, and being fresh that day he vented his spirits in extra speed, and got excited when he found himself pursued.

After resting some hours Nelson felt better, and was taken upstairs to the tower-room in the cool of the evening, to get the breeze from all four windows. Ida brought him up some broth, and sat by his side as he drank it.

"It was much more my fault than Rosinante's that our treat has been spoilt," sighed she.

"No, it was every bit my own fault," answered Nelson firmly. "I was a silly donkey to take notice and be angry at what you said only in fun."

THE EQUALITY OF DEATH.—The representation of death as the great republican, who has no more respect for kings than for beggars, is as old as Horace. It is probable that the Roman poet sacrificed a good deal of his republicanism under the patronage of Maecenas and the Emperor Augustus. But his famous reference to death as the ultimate enforcer of human equality will never be forgotten.

It finds a remarkable modern illustration, as a Vienna paper observes, in the customary ceremonies at the death of an Austrian emperor.

When the Austrian Caesars are to be buried their bodies are carried by the shortest way from the Hofburg, the imperial palace, to the crypt of the Capuchins. When the master of ceremonies has arrived with the imperial corpse, he knocks with his staff on the closed door and demands admission.

"Who is there?" asks the guardian from within, but without opening the door. "His Majesty, the most high and mighty Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary," etc. The voice from within replies, "I know no such man."

The master of ceremonies knocks a second time.

"Who is there?" the guardian again asks.

"The Emperor of Austria."

"I do not know him," says the guardian.

The master of ceremonies knocks a third time, and is again asked, "Who is there?"

"Our brother Francis," answers the imperial official.

At this humble confession of the simple humanity of the dead Cæsar the bolts are immediately withdrawn and the corpse is admitted.

THE OLDEN STORY.

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

Pacing by the silent river,
Where the water-lilies grow,
And the willow-leaflets quiver
As the evening breezes blow,
Tears upon her lashes gather,
Sighs go forth upon the air,
Hopes, once sweet, now fade and wither,
As she murmurs in despair:—
"Only the olden story,
Told ye once again!
Loving all too fondly,
Trusting all in vain!
Only the olden story,
Love—and then forsake!
Only the olden story,
Hearts were made to break!"

Pale as were the lilies round her,
'Mid the margin-flow'rs she lay!
And at early morn they found her,
But her soul had flown away!
On her brow, like gems from heaven,
Gleam'd the dewdrops pure and bright,
Emblems of the spirit given
From its home that weary night!
Only the olden story,
Told yet once again:
Loving all too fondly,
Trusting all in vain!
Only the olden story,
Love—and then forsake!
Only the olden story,
Hearts were made to break!

OLD TIME ERRORS.

Pliny, who says that "wild rose-leaves reduced to a liniment, with bear's grease, doth wonderfully make haire to grow again," tells many strange things about wolves.

He believes in the versipellis, turnskin, or were-wolf; and he holds that a wolf's snout is a counter-charm against all sorcery, and that new-wedded wives should anoint the side-posts of their house with wolf's fat, so that no charms may have the power to enter.

Ælian adds to the queer animal stories set down by Pliny. A wolf, he says, cannot bend its head back; and if it treads on the squill flower it at once becomes torpid, therefore foxes take care to strew squills in the dens of wolves.

Herodotus says that in Greece lions fell on the baggage animals of Xerxes, choosing the camels, whereat the Father of History is astonished, seeing that they might have had horses, and oxen, and other creatures to which they were accustomed.

Both Aristotle and Pliny speak of lions as existing in the same parts in which Xerxes found them. They simply copied Herodotus; though they eschew his statement that the lioness only brings forth once in her life. Aristotle, on the contrary, says: "The Syrian lioness bears first five cubs, next four, and so on down to one, after which she never breeds again."

Of oysters—which Homer mentions, saying, when a wounded man falls from his chariot, "if he were only in the fishy deep he would satisfy many men by grasping for oysters, plunging in from a ship, though the sea was rough"—Pliny has many stories. He believes in Cleopatra and her pearls. How pearls come he has settled beyond question. He says:

"At the right season of the year they yawn and gape, and receive a certain moist dew, wherewith they swell and grow big, and the fruit of this is the pearls, better or worse, great or small, according to the quality and quantity of the dew. If that were pure and clean which went into them, then are the pearls white, fair, and orient (i.e., bright), but if gross and troubled, the pearls, likewise, are dim, foul, and duskish."

Aristotle believed that rain-water breeds eels and gudgeons. "When marshes are dried up, and the earth has taken in much warmth, then, if there comes much rain, the waters begin to teem with little fish, and it is clear that they are not born from eggs, for in lakes full of water they are not generated, only after a drought they come into life from the water of showers."

"Fishes sleep," says Aristotle, "though with unclosed eyes; dolphins, whales, and such as have an air-passage, letting it project above the water, and gently moving their fins. Ere now, some have heard a dolphin snoring."

Indian river eels, says Pliny, are so strong and big—being sixty cubits long—that when elephants come to drink they force them down and drown them. What with them and the snakes, who thrust their heads into their nostrils, stop their breathing, and sting them death, the Indian elephants have little comfort of their life.

An old author writes of eels coming down "in solid balls from one to two feet across, heads inside and tails out, and plumping into the nets with such force as to carry them away."

Pliny is great on the echeneis, "that little fish, which men call remora, which stays ships by fastening itself to them; moreover, it hath this virtue, being kept in salt, to draw up gold that has fallen into a well, being never so deep, if it is let down and come to touch it."

He also knows all about the ram-fish, "which, lying in the shade of big ships, keeks his nose above water to spie any small fisher-boats, and then he swimmeth close to them, overturneth, and sinketh them."

He enlarges on the friendship between the whale and the little musculus, "whereas the whale hath no use of his eyes, by reason of the heavy weight of his eyebrows that cover them, the other swimmeth before him and serveth him instead of eyes to show him when he is near to shelves and shallows."

Other fishes hate one another, as the lobster the conger, and the lobster is so afraid of the polypus that "if he spie him near, he evermore dieth for very woe." The conger and the lamprey are always at deadly war, "insomuch that they gnaw off one another's tails."

Let us hope it is with them as with the lizard, who, when he had left his tail between a scorpion's claws, went off and began growing a new one, while the scorpion went on killing the old one. In one writer's book are some things almost as hard to stomach as some of Pliny's tales.

The crows who made a sham nest, and, when the author climbed out on a bough to take it, assembled underneath the tree to enjoy his discomfiture, deserve to be classed with the same writer's frog who swallowed half a snake, and finding the other half growing violent, dived into the water to finish the meal at leisure, and with that still bolder frog "from whose stomach L. David like, released the whole leg of a live chicken. The rest of the chicken was still outside remonstrating clamorously."

The Indian shrew-mice, too, who, when they venture out for an evening walk, take hold of one another's tails, mother first, youngest child last, and wriggle away like a hairy serpent, are as trying to one's faith as is the legend of one of the forts, which the Marathas took by surprise from the Musulmans.

Catching a huge iguana, and tying a strong light rope round it, they let it clamber up the face of the rock, and wedge itself into a fissure at the top; then, while it clung with more than limpet-like tenacity, Hindoo after Hindoo ignatened his waist-cloth, and silently climbed the rope.

Grains of Gold.

Good-breeding is surface Christianity.

The proud are ever most provoked by pride.

Good reasons must, of force, give way to better.

Reckon any matter of trial to thee among thy gains.

We never desire ardently, what we desire rationally.

We let our blessings get moldy, and then call them curses.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.

There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake.

Other men's sins are before our eyes; our own behind our back.

Where men have believed themselves perishable as the beasts, they have acted like beasts.

To receive favors from the unworthy is simply to admit that our selfishness is superior to our pride.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has a good reason for letting it alone.

By reading a man does, as it were, antedate his life, and make himself contemporary with past ages.

The shadows of our own desires stand between us and our better angels, and their brightness is thus eclipsed.

Part of our good consists in the endeavor to do sorrows away, and in the power to sustain them when the endeavor fails.

Being in Christ, it is safe to forget the past: it is possible to be sure of the future; it is possible to be diligent in the present.

I think half the troubles for which men go slouching in prayer to God are caused by their intolerable pride. Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges.

Femininities.

Myrtilla, rising with the dawn,
Steals roses from the blushing morn;
But when Myrtilla steeps till ten,
Aurora steals them back again.

St. Louis has a mining company composed entirely of women.

Blushing is a suffusion least seen in those who have the most occasion for it.

A girl cannot do good or evil to others without doing good or evil to herself.

A Hannibal, Mo., young lady has been detected sending fancy valentines to herself.

An engaged girl never quite knows whether it's the ring or the man she's in love with.

A tiny pair of opera glasses in gold and blue enamel make a charming pendant for a lady's chain.

A Buffalo statistician has figured out that the women of this country pay $8,000,000 per year for bustles.

A "womanly waggle" has displaced the "manly stride" of our belles. Mannish airs are out of fashion.

Mitchell, D. T., has a woman dentist who advertises that she "by the use of gas extracts teeth with great pains."

It is said that French children keep very bad hours, feed irregularly, eat everything, and are washed but once a week.

Home, in a measure, is what the presiding spirit of the family makes it—the brightest or the gloomiest spot on earth.

The acme of ungallantry has been reached by a Western paper. In speaking of a blizzard it uses the pronoun "she."

The cheapest pleasures are the best, and nothing is more costly than sin, yet we mortgage futurity, counting it but little loss.

The Princess of Wales not infrequently visits a London hospital and assists in giving a musical entertainment to the inmates.

Portland boasts of a whist party, composed wholly of young ladies, that lives up to its name. All but one of the members are dumb.

Lamp chimneys are easily cleaned by holding them over the steam from a tea-kettle, then rubbing with a soft cloth, and finally polishing with paper.

A courtship that has been in progress 31 years terminated in marriage at Clinton, Ia., last week. It is supposed that the leap-year privilege was exercised by the lady.

A Chicago woman drove a pound of tenpenny nails into a plank on a wager that she could not drive five nails without hitting her thumb. She hit the nail head at every blow.

In Morocco women who talk scandal are punished by having cayenne pepper rubbed on their lips. In more civilized countries their victims get peppered, while they go scot-free.

It is the best—because the most benevolent—good-breeding which, without regard to personal preference, deals to all in general society an equal and fair measure of social attention.

Bobby: "Ma, wasn't there anybody left in the Garden of Eden after Adam and Eve were turned out?" Mother: "No, Bobby." Bobby, rubbing his head: "Well, who fed the animals?"

A Portland, Me., woman has read the Bible through 83 times: she is 75 years old, and began when she was 7. She reads from the same book with which she first began, and has read it at least once every year.

"I'm not going to play with Willie Waffles any more," was Flossie's decision. "Willie is a very nice little boy," said her mother. "I don't like him. In fact, I don't like boys at all, mamma. I suppose it's because I'm not old enough."

An intelligent physician has discovered that color-blindness is very rare amongst girls, though it is common amongst boys. From this fact he draws the conclusion that in most cases color-blindness is due to a want of early education in discriminating colors.

Tacitus tells of Poppea, the consort of Nero, the Roman emperor, that she concealed a part of her face, the intention being that the imagination having fuller play, people might think more highly of her beauty than if the whole of her face had been exposed.

"My dear girl," said a fond father to his daughter, "surely you're not going to take all those trunks to Saratoga with you?" "Yes, papa, every one, and they are few enough." "But what in the world have you got in 'em?" "Hair, papa," said the dear girl, brightly.

The type-writer is a boon to humanity in more ways than one. It is a direct enemy to the piano. The fingers get so in the habit of thumping the type-writer that the sensitiveness of touch necessary to play the piano is destroyed. Moral: Teach all the girls type-writing.

Flossie, to aunt Minerva: "Were you never married, aunty?" Aunt Minerva, with a sigh: "Ah, no, Flossie; the gentleman to whom I gave my young heart's affections was killed in the war." Flossie, her eyes filling with tears: "Was he killed in the Revolutionary War, aunty?"

A doctor who ought to know says that the practice of the wholesale use of smelling salts, which came in with the universal fashion of carrying smelling bottles, is sure to have its influence upon the olfactory nerves sooner or later, and render the victim unable to distinguish cologne from asafœtida. More than all that, it causes headaches, sore throats and red noses. The last argument will have its weight. The smelling bottle must go.

A little boy was sent to the grocer's for a pail of molasses. Returning, he fell and spilled it in the sand. As he wept profusely over the appalling catastrophe a little friend chanced to come along, and asked him what he was crying for. He replied: "I have spilt the 'lasses, and I am afraid to go home and tell my mamma. She will whip me." To which his little would-be-comforter answered, in solemn tones: "Haven't you got a grandma?"

Masculinities.

Women carpenters have appeared in London.

A. Dauber is the name of a portrait painter in Brooklyn.

He who knows right principles is not equal to him who loves them.

Any man may commit a mistake, but none but a fool will continue in it.

Never fight with a sweep: you cannot blacken him, but he may blacken you.

A clergyman has been caught making clippings from books in the British Museum.

You think a man to be your dupe; if he pretends to be so, who is the greatest dupe—he or you?

It is not unusual in France to find a brother and sister in partnership, and over the shop door the two names.

Ah! when shall all men's good be each man's rule, and universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land?

Marriage is the best state for man in general, and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.

Clergyman, making a call: "And do you always do as your mamma tells you to, Flossie?" Flossie, emphatically: "Yes, I do, and so does my papa."

Smith: "Why are you always so silent in the society of a young lady, Brown?" Brown: "Because it is not good form for two to talk at the same time."

"What possesses you, my dear, who have such an excellent husband, to make him angry so often?" "Because he always brings me a present to make peace again."

When you meet a man with a breath on him that would "stunt" the growth of corn, he invariably wants to get close to you while in conversation, so you may get the full benefit of it.

A Montana editor has the anti-English fever. "We don't want any men in this community," he says, "who talks about his bowsh and flannel shirt, and makes faces at the American eagle."

According to Munhall's dictionary of statistics the average age of all the people living in France is 32 years, 2 months and 15 days. In the United States the average is only 24 years, 10 months and 24 days.

The parlor or "talking room" was introduced in the time of Henry VIII. Here it was that dames took refuge when the dinner had advanced beyond prudent limits, as it invariably did before the finish.

Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness; but after seven years of union not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal and felt every hour in the husband's purse.

Boston spinster, in bird store: "That is a beautiful parrot, sir. I am very anxious to have one. Can it talk?" Dealer: "Oh, yes, ma'am. (To parrot:) Polly want a cracker?" Polly, solemnly: "Let her go, Gallagher!" Exit prudish Boston spinster.

Governor Semple, of Washington territory, and all the councilmen and members who voted for woman suffrage, have since received packages inscribed, "For the Legislative Ball—By this sign thou shalt conquer." The packages contained petticoats.

A physician of the Maryland Board of Health has concluded that 2 hours in the forenoon and 1 in the afternoon is as long a time as children can be profitably employed in school. He advocates 15 hours a week as the limit for school children under 12 years.

In Kentucky they call you "Colonel;" in Indiana "Squire" is a complimentary salutation. They hail the stranger as "Governor" in Kansas, and when you get off the train at Salt Lake City the hotel agent shouts: "This way, Bishop; second 'bus on the left!"

He had told her that business called him to Europe and that he might be gone a year. With a pale face and beating heart he nervously awaited the effect. Finally the girl spoke: "You seem a trifle nervous and excited, Mr. Sampson," she said, "Are you afraid of being sea sick?"

"Margaret!" called the mother downstairs. "Oh, Margaret!" "Yes, mamma," came the smothered reply from the parlor. "Has your young man gone yet?" "No, mamma." "Well, please tell him not to go for a few minutes. I'm going to market and want him to carry the basket."

A Greene county, N. Y., farmer drove into Coxsackie and stopped in front of one of the stores. He got out of his cutter and left the horse in charge of his wife. He then deliberately removed the buffalo robe from the lap of his better half and laid it upon his horse, leaving his wife to shiver in the cold.

Young man: "Are you not afraid, dear, to intrust your future happiness to my care? Remember, it may be a case of love in a cottage." Girl, heroically: "Ah, George, can you doubt my love? And, besides, we spent last summer in Newport, you know, and the cottage we occupied was simply delightful."

Society girl: "Mamma, Mr. De Pension has asked me to marry him, and I told him I would refer the matter to you." Mamma: "Is he rich, daughter?" "No, mamma; he has only $2,000 a year." "Well, daughter, handle him carefully; $2,000 is a good deal more now than it was at the beginning of the season."

First beggar: "Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something." Second beggar: "Let her go because I understand my business better than you do. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone, but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her mean if she refuses. This profession has to be studied, just like any other, if you want to make it a success."

Recent Book Issues.

A most excellent little book is "Luncheon" by T. I. Murray. It contains a number of excellent recipes for the different features of this meal, that seem excellent both on account of their variety and simplicity. Published by Stokes & Bro., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price 50 cents.

"La Terre" (The Soil), Emile Zola's new romance, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, is a strange work. The subject is agricultural life in France. The characters are chiefly peasants, who till the soil and have a passion for it that nothing can quench. They all possess marked individuality, and the romance vividly depicts their manner of living, their habits, their loves and their crimes. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 75 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Our Little Ones and the Nursery" for March is filled with a rich store of good reading and fine pictures for the younger children. Published at 36 Bromfield street, Boston.

The March number of *The Eclectic* contains a large varity of choice articles selected from the leading English periodicals. Goldwin Smith has an appreciative, and at times caustic, article on "American Statesmen." Norman Lockyer's new theory of the Universe is explained in a short paper. Historical students will find the second paper on "Cæsar Borgia" interesting reading Other articles are, "The Workless, the Thriftless and the Worthless;" "Science and the Bishop," by Prof. Huxley; a criticism of Shelley, by Matthew Arnold; "Dethroning Tennyson," by Algernon Charles Swinburne; "The Value of the Individual," by Vernon Lee; "The Withered Arm," a powerful story by Thomas Hardy; "Leo VIII. and Ireland;" "Lost Instincts and Rare Faculties;" "The Difficulties of Romance Writers," and "Toussaint L' Ouverture." E. R. Pelton, publisher, New York.

The March *St. Nicholas* opens with an interesting article descriptive of 'An Ancient Haunt of Pirates"—the bay of Barataria, on the Louisiana coast—by E. V. Smalley. The article is finely illustrated. Julian Ralph contributes a bit of history entitled "How a Pig Nearly Caused a War," and Ernest E. Thompson, in "Tracks in the Snow," explains how hunters track animals. The paper by Edgar M. Bacon, on "Accidental High Art," will set many amateurs experimenting. Frank R. Stockton, in the "Personally Conducted" series, gives his impression of "The People We Meet" abroad. "Onatoga's Sacrifice," by John Dimitry, is a legend, based upon Indian traditions, of a terrible man-eating bird. Miss Magruder's "Child Sketches from George Eliot" are continued, and John Preston True gives the second instalment of "Drill." There are many other pleasing contributions, stories, sketches, poetry, etc., with an abundance of good illustrations. The Century Company, New York.

Among the numerous attractions in the March *Wide Awake* are a delightful chapter of Sidney Luska's serial story, "My Uncle Florimond," an instalment of Mrs. John Sherwood's etiquette-serial, "Those Cousins of Mabel's;" "A Boston Experiment;" the third paper in Mrs. Upton's "Children of the White House" series, relating to "The Family of Thomas Jefferson," richly illustrated; an attractive biographical article about "Mother Goose," by Oscar Fay Adams; several complete stories and poems, among the latter being a fine Irish ballad, "Kilcolman Castle," by Mrs. Spofford, and many other articles, pictures, etc.—with the rest an entertaining department called "The Contributors and the Children." In this number is announced a series of ninety-four prizes for contributions suitable for *Wide Awake*. The contribution may be an essay, story, anecdote, poem or humorous trifle. D. Lothrop Co., publishers, Boston.

In the March *Magazine of American History* the leading article is entitled "Historic Cannon Balls and Houses," an animated description of the invasion of Connecticut by the British in 1777. The paper is superbly illustrated. The portrait of Gen. David Wooster, who fell in this encounter, forms the frontispiece to the number. The second article, "New York and Ohio's Centennial," by Douglas Campbell, is a stirring account of New York's relation to the territory now occupied by the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. Then comes a paper by Mrs. Ole Bull on "Lief Erikson;" Gen. Alfred E. Lee writes a delightfully readable paper on "Central Ohio Seventy Years Ago;" John J. Morris goes back two centuries in sketching incidents in the life and times of "Captain Silvester Salisbury," who figured in the conquest of New York in 1664; Rev. William Barrows, D. D., contributes "Methods of Teaching History;" R. S. Robertson, Lieutenant Governor of Indiana, tells of the "Escape of Grant and Meade;" Rev. W. W. Campbell adds "With Cortez in Mexico, 1519;" Hon. Alexander Hamilton writes about his portrait of Washington; and the diversified departments overflow with bright and readable data. 743 Broadway, New York city.

Wherever an external remedy can be applied Salvation Oil will reach the case. 25c.

Even in Honolulu, capital of the Sandwich Islands, they use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS.

"It is New Year's Day, and the first great duty of every householder is going forward. Master and man are busily engaged in the worship and propitiation of their household gods."

Thus wrote a celebrated author in the City of Chefoo, on the seventeenth of February (Chinese New Year), 1874. And this is what he saw of the strange ritual, beginning before daylight, and amid the wierd, fitful glimmer of a few candles: a dim, uncertain light not without its influence on the superstitious devotees:

A table was neatly laid out with a cold banquet, with seats, plates, and chopsticks, so that the spirits of the departed might come and enjoy. After a preliminary ceremony, consisting of the burning of joss-sticks and of kneeling and kow-towing before them, master and man took their places behind the empty seats, ready to attend to the wants of the invisible guests.

There they remained in silent and reverential readiness for a time sufficient to enable the spirits to conclude their feasting satisfactorily; and, as a full-blown, ceremonious Chinese dinner continues for hours, we may suppose that the greater portion of the day was thus consumed.

Then, when it might reasonably be concluded that the guest had finished, a tremendous "feu-de-joie" was fired outside the front door. As the same thing is done at the same moment in every house in China, the expenditure on gunpowder alone must be considerable.

Shang-le, or precious relics of Buddha, are so abundant, that only a miracle could explain their number. According to the Buddhists there are eighty-four thousand pores in a man's body, and, therefore, he leaves behind him eighty-four thousand particles of miserable dust in the course of transmigration.

Buddha had also eighty-four thousand pores in his body, but by his resistance to evil he was enabled to perfect eighty-four thousand relics through them, for which eight kings contended. A good and wise king arose, who built eighty-four thousand pagodas to cover these eighty-four thousand relics.

These relics still remain, but can only be seen by the faithful. A good Buddhist can sometimes discern one of these relics illumined with a brilliant colors and as big as a cart-wheel, when unbelievers are unable to see anything at all.

A superstition, current in some parts of China is, that earthquakes are caused by the shaking of some huge subterraneous animal. One writer relates that when he was at Shanghai in 1853, there was a slight shock, and, after it was over, he saw groups of Chinese about the fields and gardens, industriously gathering hairs of the mysterious animal! Hairs they certainly did collect; but a close examination showed that some were mere vegetable fibres, and others the hairs shed by dogs, horses, or cats, which might be gathered any day. The pointing out of these facts did not shake the belief of the Chinese that the hairs were really those of the earth-shaker.

The worship of the moon—the Queen of Heaven—is universal, and her images with a child in her arms are to be found everywhere. This goddess is prayed to by women who are desirous of having children, and when they enter the shrine they leave their shoes. It is not unusual to find a whole heap of the small shoes of the Chinese ladies in these sacred places, and the suggestion occurs whether the old custom in our own country of throwing an old shoe after a newly-married pair, for luck, may not have had some remote connection with the superstition still existing in China.

Chinese junks and boats have eyes carved or painted on the bows, which are usually supposed to be a mere fanciful form of ornamentation. But they have a real meaning.

In going up one of the rivers from Ningpo, our author was startled by one day seeing a boatman seize his broad hat and clap it over one of the "eyes" of the boat, while other boats on the stream were similarly blinded. Looking out for an explanation he saw a dead body floating past, and he was told by the boatman that if the boat had been allowed to "see" it, some disaster would surely have happened, either to passengers or crew, before the voyage ended.

Waste Tin.—The sardine and other tins, of which such thousands are thrown away, go to support a branch of industry in Paris which is deeply interesting to the youthful part of the population; for, after being stamped into shape by machines of simple construction, they reappear in the form of countless armies of tin soldiers, which are sold at prices so low that the manufacturer could not possibly afford to buy his material from the tinman.

She: "I hear that you have lost your valuable little dog, Mr. Sissy." He: "Yes, in a railroad accident. I was saved, but the dawg was killed." She (shocked): "What a pity!"

Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla Regulates the Regulator. Largest Sarsaparilla bottle in the market. Manufactured by proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure. Sold by all druggists. Take no other—it is the best.

Neglect kills injuries; revenge increases them. A neglected cold increases its injurious effects on the system till consumption finally kills, unless cured by Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy. It is ye reliable remedy of ye olden time.

BIG FAMILIES.

When Charles V. made his public entry into Ghent as Count of Flanders, there was a yeoman, Oliver Minjan, at the head of a troop of twenty-one. These were all Oliver's own sons, by his wife Amalberga, who bore him also ten daughters.

The Emperor was so interested in Oliver that he conferred a pension on him. This large family was quite wiped out in 1526 by the Black Death.

At Kirton-le-Moor, in Cumberland, a man, his wife, and thirty children might have been seen in 1797 marching to church to the christening of their thirty-first. Bishop Bathurst, of Norwich, nephew of the first Lord Bathurst, was the twenty-sixth child of his mother. His father married a second time, and had fourteen more children; two of his father's brothers and a sister had sixty-four children in all.

In 1696 Thomas Greenhill, surgeon and author of a book on the art of embalming, petitioned the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal of England, as follows:

"That in consideration of your petitioner being the seventh son and thirty-ninth child of one father and mother, your grace would be pleased to signalize it by some particular motto or augmentation in his coat of armour, to transmit to posterity so uncommon a thing."

Greenhill's request was granted, and there was added to his coat-of-arms "a demi-griffin provided with thirty-nine mullets."

On a tombstone at Conway, North Wales, is, according to Pennant, this inscription: "Here lyeth the body of Nicholas Hooker, of Conway, gent., who was the forty-first child of his father, William Hooker, by Alice, his wife, and the father of twenty-seven children, 1637."

A Scotch weaver, according to the "Collectanea Topographica" in the Harleian Collection, had by one wife as many as 62 children—of whom 46 sons lived to be men and 4 daughters to be women.

Mrs. Honeywood, of Charing, near Canterbury, died in 1630 at the age of 93, and was followed to the grave by 312 direct descendants. During this worthy old lady's life there were born 367 children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and so on. At 16 she married, and she had 16 children; these had 114, who again had 228, who had 9 during the old lady's lifetime.

According to the Annual Register there died at Athenry in 1804 an Irishman, named Dennis, at the advanced age of 117. He had married seven times, the last time when he was 93. While he was still alive there had been born to him 48 children, 236 grandchildren, 444 great-grandchildren, and 25 great-great-grandchildren. Dr. Plot in his "Natural History of Staffordshire" gives the case of a woman who lived to see the sixth generation, and who might have said, "Go, daughter, to your daughter and tell her that her daughter's daughter has a daughter."

Horace Walpole gives a case of eight generations simultaneously alive. Mrs. Godfrey, whom Walpole visited, had a daughter who had a daughter (Lady Waldegrave), who had a son (Lord Waldegrave), who had a daughter (Lady Harriet Beard), who had a daughter (Countess Dowager of Powis), who had a daughter (Lady Clive), who had a son.

A Lightning Death.—Scientists lately placed before the French authorities two systems for executing condemned criminals by means of electricity. The mental horror of a death like this, with its strange mysterious agency, is, it is claimed, far more likely to act as a deterrent amongst the criminal classes than the hackneyed method of hanging practiced here, or the barbarous guillotine used by France.

The first method of thus putting a man to death by employing virtually a flash of lightning, places a copper bandage upon the criminal's head, in such a manner that the magnetic pole touches the nape of his neck. The convict stands on a zinc platform with his hands behind his back, a second pole is attached to the platform, the signal given, and death is instantaneous. Another man would place the condemned man in an easy-chair, with his hands on the arms of the fauteuil, and his feet upon the platform.

The electric current sweeps into the arms of the chair, touches the man from the hip to the wrist, and in an imperceptible second of time he is dead. The third plan is only a modification of the two already mentioned.

Mirror-Making.—A large stone table, ground quite smooth, is so arranged as to be easily inclined somewhat to one side by means of a screw underneath it. Round the edge of the table is a groove.

First, while the surface of the table is perfectly level, tinfoil is carefully laid all over it. A strip of glass is then placed on each of three sides of the foil, and the liquid quicksilver is poured from ladles upon the foil until nearly a quarter of an inch deep.

The affinity of the mercury for the tinfoil and the mechanical obstruction of the glass keep it from flowing over. The plate of glass for the mirror, which has been cleaned with especial care, is now dexterously slid upon the liquid metal from the open side—that is, the side on which no glass strip has been placed. When exactly in its place it is held until one edge of the table has been raised by the screw, and the superfluous mercury has run off into the groove, and thence into a receptacle at one end. The table is then tilted back to a level, and heavy weights are placed on the glass, and it is left thus for several hours. It is then turned over and put on a frame, the side covered with amalgam—that is, the tinfoil and mercury—being placed uppermost. In this position the amalgam becomes hard enough to allow the glass to be set on edge, but it must stand for several weeks to thoroughly harden, for the coating is very easily injured at first.

Other methods are used for making mirrors. They are coated with silver in various ways; also with platinum and aluminum, these metals being applied in one method by means of the electric current. But the finest mirrors are still made by the old amalgamation method, which, it may be noted, was invented by the Venetians in the sixteenth century.

A King in India.—A correspondent gives us a glimpse of the private life of the King of Annam in his last letter. If His Majesty Dong Khan has not a good dinner to sit down to every day it certainly is not for want of cooks, no fewer than fifty of these artists taking part in the preparation of each royal repast. The proverbial danger of too many cooks is obviated by confining each chef to the elaboration of a single one of the fifty plats of which the menu is invariably composed.

The dishes reach the royal dinner table in a rather roundabout fashion. They are taken in the first instance to the intendant of the household, who delivers them to the eunuchs for conveyance to the King's female bodyguard—some thirty of the ladies of the seraglio, told off *a tour de role* to this service—who serve the repast and wait at table. Dong Khan partakes sparingly of the delicacies set before him, plain boiled rice being his favorite food, it is said.

The royal table beverage in Annam is a particular brew made from poppy seeds and aromatic plants; but Dong-Khan never touches the traditional concoction, finding a bottle of old Bordeaux quite good enough for him.

Moral Strength.—Moral strength is gained chiefly through struggles of the moral nature. Every time a temptation is resisted, an evil inclination conquered, a duty performed, moral strength is accumulated.

The one whom all men honor for his virtue and integrity, to whom wrong-doing seems to offer no attraction, and who performs each duty as it arises, apparently without an effort, has not gained this power by treading flowery beds of ease. It has come to him through effort and sacrifice, and the more it has cost the greater the reward.

The poor weak victim of temptation and indulgence, who is powerless to deny his appetite or to subdue a craving or to resist the persuasion of an evil companion, is indeed to be pitied; but his deplorable condition is due to long years of moral idleness, during which he has drifted into evil, instead of having stemmed the current and resolutely pressed forward in the opposite direction. M. S.

An Easy Place.—Success is obtained only by earnest effort; and this implies hard work of some kind; and, when a man is doing hard work, he certainly cannot be considered as having found an easy place. It is those who do not make a success that are always on the look-out for an easy place; and, after they find themselves in positions where a little earnest effort would considerably improve their condition, rather than make the effort they allow themselves to make an easy place for their individual comfort, and let the chance slip. Many a young man, in an effort to find an easy place, has allowed opportunities to pass by which, if he would have taken them up and added a few years of hard well-directed labor, would have placed him in a condition where, if he desired, he might take upon himself an easy place.

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time.

WANAMAKER'S.

Philadelphia, Feb. 27, 1888.

Spring temperature brings quick interest to many things all over the store.

There is a buzz in Dress Goods all along the lines from American Ginghams to high-class Paris Novelties; and with Challis at 20c and Sateens at 12½c that you must be wise and look at twice to know they are not of the blood royal there'll be no lack of buyers.

Many things. We've made a show of them. You would hardly suspect how many points the Baby touches in the store. Wear things and decoration things and playthings.

Judge of the thousand other things by the way we treat Baby Carriage. As many sorts as babies. There's a business way of looking at Baby Carriages. What sort of top do you want, what sort of body, what sort of gears. What sorts are there? Go where all the sorts are and see.

Our Baby Carriage Department was never before so full of what Baby's friends would choose. Almost everything is cheaper than last year.

The Carriage for least is $6. Wicker body, strong and neat; serviceable running gears, comfortably upholstered, some fancy work, and $9! A few more taste-touches, $8.

For $12 a special Carriage. Fine cane body, upholstered with good quality satin, satin Parasol, full trimmed with ribbon. The best $12 worth we ever saw in a Baby Carriage. Same, plush finished, $14. Handsomer body, $14.50 in satin; $16.50 in plush. The price goes up and up wherever you will. There's a $25 Carriage in a Chestnut street window, but the gold-spooned baby it's for will never realize it—while a baby. More Carriages in that window, more near the Chestnut street entrance. They are but an index to the many times more in the basement.

So easy to pick wisely among them that Baby could almost do the choosing.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Philadelphia.

Humorous.

HOW HE PROPOSED.

"Now tell me what you said when you proposed,"
A young fellow asked of his married friend.
"Did you woo the fair one in ball-room mode?
Or your plea by district messenger send?"

"I?" and his friend laughed a hearty "Ha! ha!"
"Why, it was as easy as could be.
We were riding past a dear little cot,
And I asked her if she would keep house for me."

"Excellent!" cried the young man, and forthwith
He took for a drive the maid he would wed.
But, not a good parrot, he blundered somewhat—
"I look for one to do housework," he said.

What her answer? Indignant reference to
Intelligence office over the way;
While he vows that he never will again
Ask another fellow what he shall say!

—C. L. Bonney.

A kneady acquaintance—The baker.

A railway strike—Tapping the car wheels.

The strongest "tied" in the affairs of man—Marriage.

It was a bald-headed man who originated the motto: "There's plenty of room at the top."

On what supposition could a pocket-handkerchief build a house?—If it became brick (cambric).

The man who was struck with astonishment saved himself by catching hold of the chain of circumstances.

First watch: "What's the matter with your face? You look sick." Second watch: "Yes, I am. I'm all run down."

"Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?" Bobby, suffering from parental discipline: "An orphan."

A London paper tells "how to lie when asleep." If it will teach some people how to keep from lying when awake it will do a public service.

When the baby has hiccoughs give it gin; when the father of the baby has hiccoughs, take away the gin. Some doctors would charge two dollars for this advice.

A country paper says in an obituary notice, "Mr. X. was an estimable citizen. He lived uprightly; he died with perfect resignation. He had been recently married."

First city sportsman: "Just back from a hunting trip, I see. Got any game?" Second city sportsman, who did some unintentional killing: "No-o, I had to come home; I ran out of dogs."

"Mamma," said Harry, "what's the difference between 'goose' and 'geese?'" "Why, don't you know?" interposed 4-year-old Annie. "One geese is goose, and a whole lot of goose is geese."

A little Scotch boy, on being rescued by a bystander from a stream into which he had fallen, said, "I'm so glad you got me out! What a lickin' I wad ha' had frae my mither if I had been drooned!"

"Do you know the gentleman?" asked a San Francisco lady of her little girl, in reference to the minister, who was making a pastoral call. "Of course I do," said the little dear; "he does the hollering at our church."

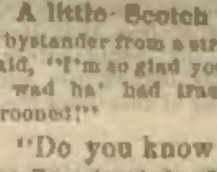
Landlady (whose attention has been distracted for a moment): "Why, where is Mr. Dumley? I thought he was carving the duck." Mr. Dumley, from under the table: "It's all right, Mrs. Hendricks; I'm after the duck."

"Well," said a well-known member of Congress, as he turned round and reached out of the bedclothes for a gin-cocktail, "they say two heads are better than one, but I wouldn't have two like mine this morning for a pension."

Some people have a remarkable antipathy to doctors. An old man, who was dangerously sick, was urged by his friends to take the advice of a physician, but he persisted in his refusal, urging that he wished "to die a natural death."

Parent: "Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?" Johnny: "I dunno." Parent: "I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is he who sits idly in his seat and watches the roof, instead of working himself?" Johnny: "The teacher."

HUMPHREYS'



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Two assistants then lift the man, by means of the rope round his neck, about six inches, and suspend him from the hook at the top of the post. At the same time, the other assistants pull with great force at the rope attached to the feet. Death usually ensues instantaneously, though there is an interval of from one-half to two minutes in many cases.

The Future.—One of the elements of our happiness springs from the fact that we do not know the future. How large a part of the pleasure of life is shattered and blighted by an unreasonable anticipation of coming evil!

How much happiness would be lost if a man knew that he would be sick to-morrow, that a friend was to be stricken down, that a mercantile venture was to go awry, that this or that evil was to come! He would have no heart for the smile and laughter and sunshine of to-day, glad and bright though it might be, if he were overshadowed with the cloud of a certain misfortune that was to come on the morrow.

A little fellow was sent a message by his mother to a lady. When he had delivered it, he did not seem in a hurry to go; and the lady, noticing this, asked him if there was anything else his mother had bidden him to say. She was not prepared for his reply: "She said I wasna to seek onything for coming, but if ye gave me onything, I was to tak' it."

Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness; but after seven years of union not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt every hour in the husband's purse.

A man in New York who threw off his overcoat and plunged into the East river to save a drowning person was rewarded for his humanity by having a thief steal the discarded garment.

When hoarse speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost or difficulties of the throat be produced.

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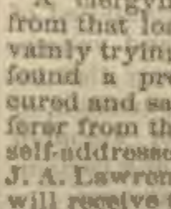

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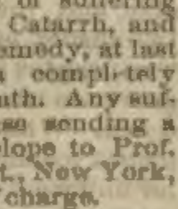

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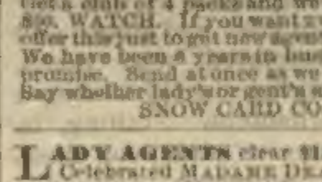

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The prevalence of bright colors, and the extensive use that is made of gold, silver and bead embroidery, would lead to considerable eccentricity and exaggeration, were it not that the employment of these fashionable colors and trimmings is so tempered by good taste that it is almost impossible to discover anything discordant in the costumes Parisian couturieres are now designing.

The question of color is closely studied, and not simply left to chance or to the desire to originate some new combination of hues never seen before. Effects of light and shade receive due consideration, and neutral tinted grounds are cleverly employed to tone down the brilliancy of gold, silver, steel and copper embroideries.

All the more elaborate models of capotes and hats are enriched with metallic ornaments of some kind, either as embroidery on the material, or as passementerie, braid, or embroidered lace trimmings.

A stylish brown velvet hat, for instance, has the full crown of velvet, and the brim, wide in front, but narrow at the back, covered with the same material. A wide band of embroidered beige and gold lace is placed round the crown, the heading being covered by a small fold of velvet, and the drapery of the crown is brought down over the lace near the front, which is ornamented with a plume of beige feathers.

A second model, still more elegant, is in heliotrope velvet; the crown is moderately high, the brim rather wider in front than at the back, and a wreath of wheat-ears and foliage is embroidered with silver thread and light heliotrope silk round the crown near the top.

The only trimming consists of two bows of light heliotrope and silver watered ribbon; the largest bow is placed on top of the crown, and a smaller one in front of it.

Watered ribbon, interwoven with gold or silver threads, embroidered and beaded braids, and plumes of feathers are the chosen ornaments for the very becoming, wide-brimmed hats copied from pictures by Greuze, Vigee, Lebrun, Isabey and other artists of the same period; the shapes are slightly modified, but are still sufficiently like the originals to be very picturesque and coquettish.

Capotes are extremely small, and worn forward on the head; there is so little room for trimmings of any kind, that embroidery worked on the material, wherever there is space for a small design, is the most popular form of ornamentation. The brim is thus embroidered or covered with flat feathers, and rests on two or three double folds of tulle cut on the cross, and put on flat at the sides, but pleated in large full box-pleats at the top.

Grays and greens, each in the shades that most nearly resemble the other color, are fashionable for capotes, chiefly because these almost neutral tints form a good background for colored embroidery or other ornaments, whether these are in red, pink, straw color, or heliotrope. Very useful and ladylike capotes are made of cream, black and light or dark yellow velvet, trimmed with black lace and a black bird or plume of feathers. Feather capotes, ornamented with fancy pins, are also very fashionable.

Soft shades of dove-gray are the favorite tints for small mantles and visites, trimmed with steel or silver braid. A very pretty style is to stripe the sleeves and fronts with braid put on in two rows close together. The neck, the mantelet ends, and the edges of the sleeves and back are bordered with a band of wood-pigeon feathers in all the pretty shades found in the natural plumage of the bird. A brilliant lining, generally in a rich shade of ruby, completes the effect.

The feeling for the return to the plain, straight lines of the dresses worn in the early part of this century is growing slowly, and before very long we may find that draperies are at a discount.

In the best made dresses the draperies are already of the simplest description, and in many cases they are merely adjuncts to the toilette, and not an integral part of it. Great use is made of old brocades, flowered pekins, lampas and other large-patterned rich fabrics, all of which are made up as panels, flat tabliers, box-pleats and plain trains, the draperies, when these are needed to complete the toilette, being of gauze, lace, tulle, or crepe de Chine.

A very lovely dress has the skirt composed of four wide box-pleats of hortensia plush, embroidered with gold and silver, and divided from each other by fan pleatings of cream gauze. A short drapery of gauze crosses the front of the skirt *en biais*, and falls in looped ends at the back. The plush corsage is open back and front over a low pleated plastron of cream gauze, framed by gold and silver embroidery.

The most remarkable toilettes to be seen at present in good Parisian houses are those for evening wear, many of which are exceptionally elegant.

A great deal of pale-yellow is to be worn, especially in straw or jonquil shades, draped with black lace. One toilette is in straw-colored Louis XVI. pekin, the alternate wide stripes being plain and some with tiny bouquets of pink roses.

The corsage, demitrain, and draped tablier are of this material, over a black lace flounce mounted on a straw-colored silk foundation-skin; a lace coquille ornaments the skirt on one side, and the low corsage is draped with black lace.

A rather more youthful toilette, for a young matron, has a pleated skirt of ivory-satin, striped with bands of reptile-green ribbon, each band terminating at the foot with bows. A long tunic of ivory lace is caught up on the left side with a bunch of nasturtiums; the long plain train is of reptile-green moire plush; the corsage is also green, but widely open in front over a pleated plastron of ivory-satin, a similar pleating following the pointed opening at the back.

Bretelles of green ribbon stripe the plastron in front and follow the opening at the back, and are caught up on the shoulders with bows. Larger bows at the points of the corsage, and a very large bow on the left hip, above the flowers, complete this very stylish dress.

A lovely toilette for a young lady is of pale shrimp-pink surah and white lace. The skirt is bordered with a deep pleating, covered by a lace flounce. Over this, on the right side, is a draped skirt of surah, like a very wide panel, caught in at intervals up the centre with little groups of pleats under bunches of pink feather tips. A lace flounce, forming a flat panel, divides this from the long puffed back drapery; the front and left side are covered by a draped tunic of lace, divided from the back drapery by a lace coquille, terminating under a bouquet of feathers. The corsage is of lace, with the scalloped edge taking the place of a drapery round the pointed opening at the back, and opening wide in front over a pink waistcoat with double points. A surah drapery, starting under the lace, ornaments the front of the corsage, and is fastened in the centre under a plume of feathers; smaller plumes are placed lower down at the foot of the drapery, and also on the shoulders.

Very little plain plush is used for evening dresses, but striped, moire and embroidered plushes are in great favor, especially for dinner toilettes, which are generally made with open bodices and short sleeves of plush, finished off with chemisettes and puffed sleeves to the elbow of gauze, lace, or embroidered net.

Some of the lace employed in this way is embroidered with gold and silver, and the dresses are decorated with beads, fringes of beads edging the skirt being a favorite style of ornament. Nothing, in fact, is too sumptuous or costly for these dresses, which are, moreover, quite distinct in style and material from the fresh, youthful-looking toilettes prepared for young girls. These are of tulle, gauze, spotted net, and crepe de Chine, draped with ribbon and flowers, and made in many pretty but not specially noteworthy styles.

Odds and Ends.

FOR HOME DECORATION.

In the way of hanging lamps, the round ones of brass, with colored glass set in, called Moorish or Persian globe lanterns, are popular just now. They can be had in two sizes, and are effective in appearance. The light within shows through the colored glass, and gives an impression of Eastern richness, with rubies and emeralds. They are suspended on brass chains. As these lanterns have suddenly become so numerous, and also moderate in price, there may arise a suspicion that home industry may have supplemented the East in the supply; still, to many people this may be no drawback, and the pretty ornament retains its charm.

There are other lanterns with four sides, and a good deal of brass about them, which appeared at the same time, and are also popular.

For a night-light holder, the shaded tulip in glass has long held its own; but recently a triangular-shaped glass, representing three owls' heads, with bright round eyes (through which the light glows), has come into favor. The thick, semi-transparent glass throws a soft shade around, and to an invalid's eyes, tired with want of sleep, is refreshing. A palm-leaf fan, covered with plush, suspended from the wall, with a fairy lamp attached to it by a little wire frame, is sometimes seen in a bedroom where shaded light is liked.

For an invalid's head the small, soft, cider-stuffed cushions, in melon form, either in sections of two colored plushes, in brioche fashion, or in soft Indian silk, are most acceptable. They are so soft and movable that they seem to fit into the head whichever way it turns.

Sofa cushions of the usual square shape are now occasionally of three colors, and made to look as if an extra cover was put on, with one corner turned back to show the real cushion inside.

The cushion is of one color, the color lining of another, and the simulated real inner cover of a third. Old gold, crimson, and deep peacock, or brown, pink and gray are good harmonizing colors. Plush usually forms the chief material with satin for the simulated linings, but sateen or soft Pongee silk is also used.

This Pongee silk has achieved a wonderful popularity, and is used for children's and adults' dresses and sashes, drapery for decorative purposes, and linings to bags, sachets, etc.

Very pretty cushions of brocade or plush and also the daintiest of tea cosies, are decorated with a length of contrasting Pongee silk, cut to look like a little curtain, and drawn across one side with a silken cord, with pompons. The cushions are only so arranged on one side, but the cosies have the scarf carried right across the top, slantwise, so that, on each side, it is to the right edge.

If anyone will just try with a scarf, our meaning will be clear.

For presents nothing could be prettier than these cosies and cushions. The cosy is the usual shape, and the length of silk—about a quarter of a yard in width—must be lightly tacked to keep the folds in place over the top.

The panels of plush screens, especially small ones, are ornamented in the same style; the little silk curtain being put on to a slight rod, and fastened to the screen, removable at will.

Palm-leaf fans are covered with one half of plush put plainly on, and the other of Pongee silk arranged in folds, both sewn round the edge, finished off with a bow at the handle, and sometimes a narrow cord at the edge. The fan is also often covered with a plain piece of plush or brocade, with a bag of the silk sewn on to the lower half, and gathered into a narrow elastic, so that it may expand when filled.

Chairbacks of Pongee silk are fashionable, and they are usually composed of two shades, especially orange and yellow. Two lengths are taken and loosely tied together on the back of a chair, cushion, or couch. White and gold color are often looped together. There is not any particular uniformity about the arrangement.

Little drawn window blinds in dining-rooms, bedrooms, or the lower half of tall drawing-room windows, are composed of this silk, and it is mixed with a length of plush; and arranged over one-half of a beautiful frame on a table, it is used as afternoon tea cloths, small table cloths, for toilet table drapery, hangings for dados, coverings for flowerpots, arranged like a folded scarf with one end turned upwards and tucked in, day coverlids for beds, edged with deep light-patterned lace, and many other things. The silk is tolerably wide and cheap.

Chairbacks, if arranged as scarves, folded and turned downwards, Russian fashion, have one end longer than the other. They are often composed of art muslin, in one or two shades.

When window curtains are composed of it, the bands are often of the same, drawn in folds, and caught upwards near the wall. Appliqueing yellow satin on to linen, and working it with a deeper shade of silk, is very effective for room decoration, and the design stands out well.

Converting snowshoes into wall pockets, by adding a pretty bag of plush or satin, and tying a smart bow at the top, is a novel idea, and so is the arranging of a fan before a plush photo frame, so that it can be opened or shut at will.

BROWN (reading the paper): "I see two women had a fight the other day, and the victor tore her rival's tongue out." Mrs. Brown (horrified): "Terrible! terrible! I suppose the poor woman will die!" Brown (assentingly): "Yes, the paper thinks so. She must feel the loss so much that she will probably die of a broken heart. These women know each other's weak spots."

OLD LADY (to small boy who is smoking): "Don't you know that smoking isn't good for little boys?" Small boy: "Yes'm. Dis stub (puff) was makin' me little brudder sick (puff), an' I took it from him."

Confidential Correspondents.

D. A. N.—The color which you speak of is due to the properties of the metal and to the process through which it has passed in the manufacture.

J. M. A.—There is no way by which you could ascertain the damage caused by flood and fire throughout the world during the last ten years.

W. S. J.—A Jewish talent of silver in our money would be about $1000; a talent of gold about $27,375. "Philoprogenitiveness" means the love of off-spring.

M. W. P.—Bonus-built houses are those which are built under no regular contract, the different contractors satisfying their claims by appropriating a section of the row equal in value to their judgment.

ENGAGED.—It is not at all necessary for a lady, on becoming engaged, to give a ring to her betrothed; neither is it customary. She may, of course, give one if she chooses; but the correct thing is for the gentleman to present one to the lady.

PUNCH.—The enlargement of the toe-joint that troubles you is probably a bunion. The cause may be prolonged standing or walking, or the wearing of badly-ventilated or ill-fitting boots; attend to those possible causes. Ward off pressure by means of a plaster or pads of cotton wool, and you will be in a fair way to recovery.

RUBY.—We can only guess at character from handwriting. Writing sent in for delineation should not be written on lined paper, as the natural placing of the writing is lost. You possess a calm, placid disposition, prefer keeping to the beaten tracks to striking out new paths for yourself; are generous, but not extravagant, in money matters; are cautious and careful.

AMETHYST.—Undoubtedly there is such a thing as mesmerism, and the unhappy lady whom you saw had a strong share of the mysterious power. Since the subject is more or less mysterious, the quacks have, according to their wont, made much capital out of it; but people of common sense, without talking jargon, acknowledge that certain human beings have a peculiar power over others.

BRAHIM.—When next you are told that anything is "vulgar," just look at the words which the good Sir Walter Scott addressed to a petulant daughter—"My love, you speak like a very young lady. Do you know, after all, the meaning of this word 'vulgar?' 'Tis only common; nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and, when you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is uncommon." Learn that by heart.

LANE.—We do not think because your parents disapprove of the match that is a reason for breaking it off altogether. It is, however, a very good reason for you to reconsider the matter, and possibly to postpone it. Parents' wishes in matrimonial affairs ought to be greatly respected, but the person who is most closely interested ought to have the final choice. As your father and mother are so opposed to the match, we recommend you to take the following course: Postpone the marriage for, say, twelve months. At the end of that time they may come round to your views, or, peradventure, you will come round to theirs, though you will probably not admit the possibility of this latter contingency.

OLD-TIMER.—THE POST is now larger and contains a great deal more matter than when in the old eight-page form. The present sixteen-page style, while it makes it more easy to handle, also gives more space for reading. It is at present recognized by many of the leading publications of this country and Europe, that the sixteen-page form is the best from every point of view, and that is the reason it has been adopted by THE POST. We live in a more advanced age than was the case twenty or thirty years ago, and literary weeklies must keep up with the times as well as everything else. Show your friends your own POST, or what is better, send us their names that we may forward them a sample copy. We are always glad to hear from our older readers, and are particularly glad you like THE POST better now than then, for we think it is better than ever.

HISTORY.—The Ulster Hand, or red hand, is described in heraldry as "argent, a sinister hand, erect, open, couped at the wrist, gules;" in other words, an open left hand, cut off at the wrist, red on a silver shield. This device formed a part of the arms of the province of Ulster in Ireland, and was used to commemorate the daring of a bold adventurer, one of the O'Neill family of Ulster. The story dates back to a period before the dawn of authentic history, and it is generally placed at about the close of the first century. At that time, a band of rovers sailed towards the coast of Ireland. They had agreed among themselves that the one of their number who should first place his hand on the soil of the new country should be its king. The O'Neills' ancestor, finding his boat distanced by those of the others, cut off his left hand with his sword and flung it before him to the land, thus winning the supremacy, according to the literal terms of the agreement. This hand appears in the coat-of-arms of every English baronet.

ACONITE.—You have acted very foolishly—with a degree of imprudence, indeed, that is surprising in a man who is well into the fourth decade of his life. You keep company with a young woman, who, you frequently feared, was "frivolous and wanting in sense, though pretty." She quarrels with you for no reasonable cause, and then, after professing to be conciliated, treats you with marked coolness, and refuses to meet you oftener than once a week. Then, "to settle it one way or the other," you propose marriage; and, after refusal and prevarication, she consents, on condition that it is a runaway match, in which condition you acquiesce. And now you are already repenting, and feeling indignant at having lies palmed off upon you—as, indeed, you well may. To marry under such circumstances, and with such feelings towards her, would be to run a terrible risk of spoiling your own life and hers too. The best thing for you to do is to request her to release you from your engagement. If she cares little for you, as must be the case if she has systematically lied to you, she may be willing to do this. If not, you had better try to buy yourself off as cheaply as you can. You are in her power; and, if you get scot-free, you will be particularly lucky.